JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 8, 1934

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVI.
1473.

WHAT THE PANEL DOCTORS SAY SEE PAGES 8 and 9

JOHN BULL

Weak from want of nourishment

—yet she has no appetite!

As you get on in years you need, more than ever, the necessary nourishment to keep up your strength. "But meals are no longer appetising," you say. Elderly people often experience that difficulty. But you can't go on day after day, feeling weaker every minute. It's not safe, because you lay yourself open to the attacks of germs and disease. And it's not necessary. For over half a century doctors have recommended Wincarnis as an infallible remedy for under-nourished systems. This delicious tonic wine stimulates and sustains as nothing else can. If you are run down, if you have been ill, had a fall or an accident, start taking Wincarnis—a glass two or three times a day, and you'll be astonished how quickly you begin to feel better. You'll sleep soundly—feel fresh vigour stealing through your veins. A week or two of Wincarnis and you'll decide that life's worth living after all.

● Wincarnis is simply a pure, delicious wine reinforced with the energising vitamins, the nerve-building and tonic properties of malt and beef extracts. Wincarnis has been proved by over 20,000 recommendations from doctors to be the most effective remedy for all run down conditions and nervous complaints. 3/3 and 5/6 from wine merchants, licensed grocers and chemists. Get a bottle to-day. You'll feel the benefit with your very first glass.

FREE. 4½d. in stamps (for postage, etc.) will bring you a generous sample from the makers, Coleman and Company, Ltd., Dept. 284, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

"Appetite Completely Vanished"

"I have a very dear friend who has suffered a long time and had an operation, and following that could eat nothing, appetite completely vanished. Then along came the wonderful reviver 'Wincarnis' and performed the miracle. She started to pick up and take food once more, and now whatever else is needed, 'Wincarnis' heads the list. I find it most essential myself as a general pick-me-up or tonic."

Mrs. J. W. S——,
Huddersfield.

Thought Her Time Had Come

"I was very ill two years ago, the Doctor prescribed different medicines, and I also tried many things from the Chemist, all to no use. I got so weak I could not walk. I really thought my time had come. Things got so serious that my children came, those that lived a distance. Then one of my daughters reminded me of WINCARNIS. The very first bottle made a marvellous change. By the time I had taken the second one I was quite myself again. I shall never be without it in case of emergency."

Mrs. E. V. C——,
Dover.

WINCARNIS
THE WINE OF LIFE

OVER 20,000 RECOMMENDATIONS FROM DOCTORS

A KITCHEN TRAGEDY

SHE filled the saucepan with water and placed it on the fire to boil when a flame shot forward and in a flash her clothes were alight. Frantically she tore at them and shouted for her husband, who rushed to her assistance, but in spite of every effort to save her, she died as a result of burns and shock.

This in brief is the tragedy that befell Mrs. Mary Heel, of 5, Lilac Avenue, Blackhill Colliery, West Hartlepool.

It is the apparently simple things that often harbour the most danger.

"John Bull's" £110 Cheque.

To Mrs. Mary Heel's husband, who is a registered reader of JOHN BULL, JOHN BULL has sent its expression of sympathy and a cheque for £110, which includes the 10 per cent. bonus added to benefits paid to readers of over three months' standing.

"Safe at Home" is quite a common expression, yet thousands of fatal accidents occur in the home every year, and thousands more which, though not fatal, nevertheless take their toll of suffering and doctor's bills.

JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift can be yours simply by filling in the forms below!

Under its Great Free Insurance Gift JOHN BULL provides generous benefits for Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, Boating and Bathing and Children's Accidents. Moreover, JOHN BULL is the *only* paper in the world that safeguards your home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage, and to pay Sickness Benefit (as specified), and it is the *only* paper in the world to add a 10 per cent. bonus to benefits paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

Fill in the forms below now, and so secure the greatest Insurance Gift ever made to readers of any paper—JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance.

"John Bull"—the only paper to pay benefits for Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 8/9/34

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

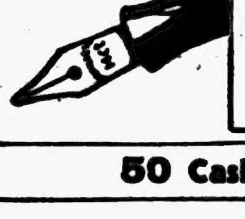
.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 8/9/34

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS



'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

50 Cash-plus-Radio Prizes—see page 39.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

A SQUARE GUARANTEE

FREE LIST OF TIMBER, IRON and ASBESTOS SECTIONAL BUILDINGS
ALL SHAPES & SIZES. ON APPROVAL.

BUNGALOWS from £26
GREENHOUSES 4/6
GARAGES 97/6
HUTS 47/6 KENNELS £2 Etc. Etc.
CASH OR EASY TERMS

C. ALBERT & Co. (Dept. J.B.) 157, BRIXTON HILL, LONDON, S.W.2

THIS WILL KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME

Let your boys play billiards and they won't want to go out at night. £1 down brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid, on 7 days' free trial. Balance monthly. Write to-day for Art List.

H. J. RILEY, LTD., Anson Works, Accrington; or Dept. 15, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

22 FREE Billiard Tables. Send for details.

BANISH that 'dragging down' feeling

This surgical belt will protect you against most abdominal complaints

Doctors and nurses agree that it definitely prevents that 'dragging-down' feeling from which so many people suffer.

PRICES: 26 in. to 34 in. 10/- 36 in. to 42 in. 12/6 Post 6d. Ins.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

It is comfortable, simple to fasten, has leather protected supports and elastic sides. For other types and out-sizes write for price list and measurement form free.

The LONDON SURGICAL CO. (Dept. B.15) Grange House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.1.

COVENTRY CYCLES 57/6 LOW EASY TERMS

Don't pay Agents' prices. Buy direct from Coventry AND SAVE ONE POUND and more. Sports, Lightweights, and 3-speeds on approval, carr. paid. 25 years advertising in this paper and thousands of satisfied customers. Get my free catalogue now.
E. O'Brien, Ltd., Dept. 3, Coventry.

WOOL SALE

1/6 BLACK RUG 8½ lb.

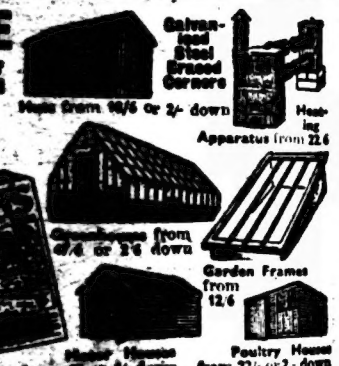
1/6 Wool Thrums 5½d. lb.
2/6 Silky Rug 1/6½ lb.
1/6 Coloured Turkish 9½d. lb.
Hose 1d. oz., Silky 1½d. Non-Shrink 2½d. oz.
Crochet 1½d. oz.

1/- FREE RUG BOOK.

100 Coloured Designs, send 1d. P.C.
800 Samples Half Shop Prices.

SCOTIA WOOLS, 152, New Bridge Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

FREE Book of GARDEN BARGAINS and Latest LIST



Galvanised Steel Braced Corners Made from 10/6 or 2/- down

Heating Apparatus from 22/6

Greenhouses from 4/6 or 2/6 down

Garden Frames from 12/6

Rabbit Hutches from 4/- or 4/- down

Poultry Houses from 22/- or 2/- down

Free Delivery by Lorry or Rail, England and Wales.
BATH'S 32, SOUTHAMPTON ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

BEFORE BUYING YOUR RADIO —— SEND THIS COUPON

Cut out this coupon, pin to a sheet of notepaper. Write your name and address and send to Bush Radio, Woodger Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.12, and we will send you the name of your nearest dealer and full details of Bush Mains and Battery Super-Hets from £10.19.6.

IF YOU ARE EXPECTING A BABY 30/-

FOLLOW THE PRACTICE OF TEN THOUSAND SATISFIED MOTHERS

LET ME SUPPLY A COMPLETE LAYETTE FOR Mother or Short Lengths or usual Long clothes

75 delightful garments for Summer or Winter Baby. Silk and Wool Shawl, Bath, Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nightes, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies Mat. Coats, Binders, Trunk Sets, Turk Towels, etc., etc. READ WHAT ANOTHER MOTHER SAYS:—"I am grateful to the friend who recommended your layette. How you can sell these satisfying garments at such a low price, I don't know."

MOTHERS TO BE! SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J.B. HOWARD 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

MAKE BIG MONEY!

OFFERING OUR DOUBLE VALUE 6d. CLUB CARDS

Here is a wonderful opportunity to EARN BIG MONEY ALL THE YEAR ROUND—Offer to your friends and workmates our 6d. DOUBLE VALUE CLUB CARDS. Purchasers can exchange them with us DIRECT for full value in goods as shown in our art catalogue. Our agents do not have to handle goods for their clients as is the case with other organisations—all you have to do is to sell our cards—we do the rest, there is no need for you to turn your home into a warehouse or a post office.

OVER £750 TO BE WON EVERY WEEK!

Our cards sell at sight. Please note, we cater for every member of the family. Footwear, Clothing, Household and Fancy Goods, Watches, Clocks, Sports, Games, Toys, etc. All goods are guaranteed.

HIGHEST COMMISSIONS AND BONUSES

The Amprico method of paying liberal commissions every week is very popular amongst agents. In addition there are special agents' bonuses and postages are allowed. Our scheme for supplying the goods direct to your customers makes our proposition the easiest and most fascinating spare time occupation ever devised. No previous experience is required. Start now to make money. Write for complete details.

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COMPETITIONS FOR AGENTS. WEEKLY CLUB NEWS.

COUPON

To AMBLER, PRICE & COLE, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Amprico House, Acton Lane, London, N.W.10.
Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time, also forward me your Illustrated Catalogue.

NAME .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

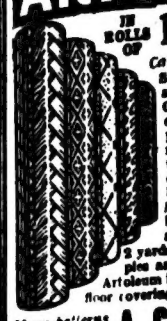
ADDRESS .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) ..... J.B.111. 8.9.34.

ARTOLEUM

TRADE MARK

IN ROLLS OF 108 sq. ft. for 15/-



Carr. Paid, Pkg. Free. Supersedes Linoleum at a fraction *of the cost!* Guaranteed rot-proof & damp-proof and has perfectly flat without nailing. Just as satisfactory on stone and cement floors as on boards. *Made for hard wear.* A postcard brings Free Samples and Patterns. All rolls 2 yards wide. Get these samples and satisfy yourself (but Artoleum is not only the most beautiful & durable floor covering, but is also *definitely the Cheapest.*

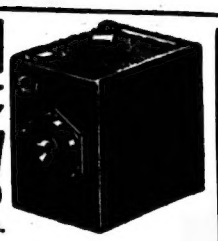
FREE

With every roll we give you absolutely FREE one lovely Floor Rug, size 36 in. by 18 in. approximately.

Many patterns to choose from.

A. C. CORFE, 162, HIGH ROAD, WOOD GREEN, N.22

THIS SUPER BOX CAMERA WITH FILMS, Instructions for indoor photographs & exposures, etc. *is YOURS— ABSOLUTELY* **FREE!**



To popularise our 100 per cent. Sheffield "Double Life" 3-hole type double-edged razor blades we are giving absolutely FREE with every order for 15 blades for 1/-, post and packing 6d., this Camera, with good lens, brilliant view-finder, simple time and instantaneous shutter, leatherette finish. Daylight loading. Also films, and full instructions to take photos indoors and outdoors, cloudy weather and time exposure. Money back if blades are not equal to any 4d. blade obtainable. Send 1/6 only for blades and FREE Camera and Photographic Outfit. Additional films 3d. extra. No more to pay.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. J.F.6.5.), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.
(Opposite Gieves.)

FULL SIZE BED CHAIR

16/6 PAT. SPRING SEATS TURNED LEGS

BOTH WITH SOLID OAK FRAME

BED SETTEE

Converts in a moment into comfortable bed, 41 in. wide. Spring seats, turned legs. Carr. and Pack. Reg. and Wales 3/6.

or 18 Polished mah. brown, weekly soft velvet cord cushions payments any colour. Carr. and of 1/-. pack. England and Wales 2/6. Call or send for coloured Cat. J. Furniture Bargains. Cheques, reg. letters, crossed P.O.'s.

35/- or 2/- weekly

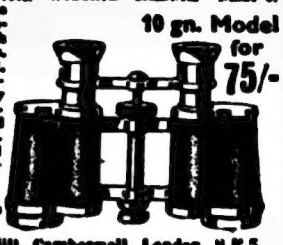
NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD., 58, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

YOURS for 3/-

PRISMATIC FIELD GLASSES

Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars By Lemiere, Paris. 8x Magnification Wide View Screw and Eyepiece Focus Reading Has Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Slings. Send 5/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory Balance payable 5/- monthly until 70/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 70/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

10 gn. Model for 75/-



DAVIS & CO.
(Dept. J.B. 128),
94-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5

GENUINE "Naval Coast Guard" MODEL TELESCOPES 11/9 SURPLUS

Every piece stamped. These Famous Telescopes have a perfect range of vision of over 7 miles. Smooth action adjustment. Third pull range finder. Heavily nickel-plated with all-weather body when closed. Complete in carrying case x 36 magnification areas. 11/6, post 9d. Huge purchase of surplus stock makes such an amazing offer possible. Very limited number. Also 600 only "Army Pocket" Model Telescopes. Closed 2 ins. Open 3 ins. Marvellously powerful. 5 mile range. 5/6, post 3d. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

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89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.
Opposite Gieves (central entrance.)

1/- DEPOSIT SECURES THIS 18ct PLATED **DRESS HUNTER**

Undoubtedly one of the most handsome watches of the 1934 Swiss Exhibition. To its credit 7 "ancre de precision" medals stamped on extra inside dust-proof case. Highly polished 18ct. plated, modern chased case, incorporated to prevent wear and scratching. Thin and neat for dress and everyday wear. Unbreakable inside glass. Accurate Geneva lever movement. Timed, tested and guaranteed 10 years. Sent for 1/- down, balance 1/6 fortnightly until 35/- is paid in all. Cash or within 7 days, 23/6.

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YOURS 3/- VALUE 65/-

Built like a Piano with the **Power of an Organ**
Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

A remarkable opportunity to obtain a Real Piano-Accordion at a greatly reduced price. Triple chord piano action, 14-fold bellows, 21 piano keys and 8 basses. Black polished. Complete with shoulder strap. Send only 3/- deposit. Balance 5/- monthly until 65/- is paid. 11lbs. List Free.

J. A DAVIS & CO Dept. J.B.86
14, 16 & 18 DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5

FREE

SENT BY RETURN

NOTHING TO BUY

To introduce our latest list of household bargains, etc., we are giving this superior self-filling Fountain Pen ABSOLUTELY FREE. Simply send name and address with 2d. stamps for post and packing to

Wm. PENN (Gift Dept. J.B.7)
623/627, Holloway Rd., London, N.19

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/- carriage 1/- ex., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Reversible REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. *Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

9/-

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.) Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

Guaranteed 10 YEARS' WEAR

36 beautifully sprung Easy Chairs (remains of hotel contract), **upholstered genuine rez-hide.** Fitted velvet non-sag cushioned seat. A most luxurious chair and a great bargain. *Photo and patterns sent post free. Write now.*

Contract price £3 15s. each.

CLEARANCE PRICE **29/6**

A few settees to match, 50s. each.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

JOHN BUCK,
Hotel & Club Furnisher, 338, Upper Street, Islington, N.1
(exactly opposite Agricultural Hall, back to Angel Tube).

SUTCLIFFE'S Store SHED from 3/4 MONTHLY

Design Z.H.

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value. Send carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied free. (Floors extra.)

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash or 12 payments.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1 15 0
7ft.	6ft.	6ft.	£2 12 0
10ft.	7ft.	6ft.	£3 15 0
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	£5 0 0

Send for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Summer Houses, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, &c.

F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Holbeck Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms: 10-12, Oxford St., W.1.

WANTED

One hundred persons (either sex) who are ready to earn a handful of

£1 NOTES

by spare time work between now and Christmas

A handful of £1 notes by Christmas to spend on little luxuries for yourself on some things you have been wanting or on presents for others.

YOU CAN HAVE A HANDFUL!

Send a postcard to us asking for our Private Christmas Card Sample Book and we will send you the book and full particulars, free of charge. You are not asked for any deposit nor to outlay any of your own money. Our Sample Book contains by far the finest selection of Private Christmas Greeting Cards, abounding in Novelties, amazing variety, remarkable Calendars of Imitation Oil Paintings, Animal Studies, beautiful pictures in Bromide, Coloured Scenes and Flower Subjects, Dainty Notepapers, Bookmarks, etc. A Masterpiece of the choicest and best. Your friends and acquaintances will be delighted to buy these from you, there is something for everybody's taste and needs, one pleasing one person and another pleasing someone else. We pay you handsomely, and there are valuable prizes in addition. Apply at once and be the first to start.

J. RENSHAW & SONS, LTD., Dept. R.153, Climax Works, Accrington

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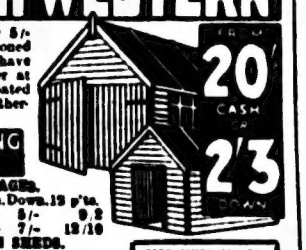
SOUTH WESTERN

Garages from 70/- or 5/- down. Made from seasoned timber. All buildings have double strength timber at corners. Planed rebated weatherboard and feather edge.

STEEL BRACING 6° EXTRA



FROM 20/- CASH or 2/3 DOWN

SUPER GARAGES.

	Cash.	Down.	12 p'ts.
10ft. x 7ft.	100/-	5/-	9/2
14ft. x 8ft.	140/-	7/-	13/10

SUPER GARDEN SHEDS.

	Cash.	Down.	12 p'ts.
6ft. x 4ft.	35/-	3/6	3/1
8ft. x 5ft.	55/-	4/-	4/11
10ft. x 7ft.	75/-	4/6	7/-

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. 1929 Ltd.
Dept. J., Hugon Rd., Fulham, S.W.6. Ful. 1121 (5 lines)

CYCLES ON TERMS at CASH PRICES

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS

I Offer a fine new range of 1935 Models, straight from the Coventry Works. Not a penny added for credit. Approval willingly, carriage paid. Send a postcard for free new 1935 Bargain list now.

From £3 17/6 CASH or TERMS

Chas. T. Roby CYCLE WAREHOUSE, NO 5, COVENTRY

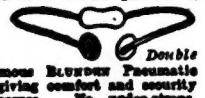
RUPTURE

Single

THE LIGHTEST YET STRONGEST SUPPORT EVER INVENTED!

PRACTICALLY EVERLASTING: NON-RUSTABLE SPRINGS

THE PALLANT Ball and Socket Truss has over 40 years' reputation for efficiency and the inventor granted a ROYAL WARRANT.



Double

The New Light Weight Pallant only weighs a few ounces and is the most satisfactory Truss on the market. Fitted with the famous BLUEDOWN Pneumatic Pads, it holds gently but firmly, giving comfort and security hitherto unknown. No hip pressure. No under-strap. Light as a Feather! Test for 7 days before payment. Approved societies usually allow the whole amount. Write or call and ask for particulars of

FREE BATHING APPLIANCES FOR HOME OR SEA BATHING.

TEST IT BEFORE YOU PAY

BLUEDOWN Surgical Appliance Co., Ltd., (Dept. S.S.99), 9, Oxford St., London, W.1.
Manchester Branch: 6, John Dalton Street.

UNBELIEVABLE OFFER! Everybody obtains this MINORETTA ACCORDION Absolutely **FREE!**

This popular minor model instrument (only 7 in. x 3½ in.), with a full scale of notes (4 keys) reproducing popular tunes is given absolutely FREE to every purchaser of 15 3-hole type, 100% Sheffield "Double Life" Razor Blades at 1/-, post and packing 6d. This is another of our stupendous advertising "stunts" to popularise our famous blades. Simply send 1/6 now to receive your Minoretta Accordion and 15 Blades. No waiting. Sent per return. Nothing more to pay. Money refunded if blades are not equal to any 4d. blade obtainable, or Gift not approved of.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. A.J.8), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. *Opposite Gieves*

"READICUT" RUG WOOLS

THE ORIGINAL WOOL CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE

SEND NOW FOR 1935 1/- RUG BOOK FREE

with over 80 designs in full colours and FREE WOOL SAMPLES. Send a p.c. (1d. stamp) to

READICUT WOOL Co., Ltd. Dept. J.B., OSSETT, Yorkshire

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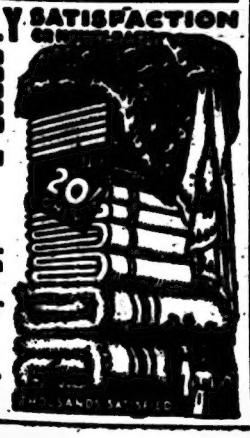
2 WEEKS ONLY SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

2 White Woolly Blankets	60x70
2 Good Strong Sheets	60x70
2 White Pillow Slips	30x20
1 White Bolster Case	30x20
1 Art Printed Bedspread	90x70
2 Coloured Turkish Towels	
1 Art. Silk Brocade and Corded Cushion Cover	
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs	
2 Chamois Polishers	
1 Fancy Woven Tablecloth	

CARR. FREE **20/-** N. C.O.D. 1/- extra



FREE LOVELY WADDED **DOWN QUILT** or 18 PIECE TEA SET.

State choice when ordering

PATON MILL Co., Dept. T., 75-76, Cannon Street MANCHESTER, 4.

This ... or That

Thorns STEEL BRACED PORTABLE BUILDINGS.

5/- DOWN

2/6 per week

Just look at the difference between the tremendous strength of Thorns Steel Bracing and the weakness of a section nailed in the ordinary way. Thorns Steel Braced Buildings are 3 times stronger, but cost NO more and are twice as easy to erect. Don't be misled by inferior imitations, but send now for FREE Catalogue No. 46 of Thorns Patented Steel Braced Buildings at REDUCED PRICES for Cash or on Confidential Terms.

SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	Deposit.	M'thly.
4ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1 10 0	or 2/6	2/8
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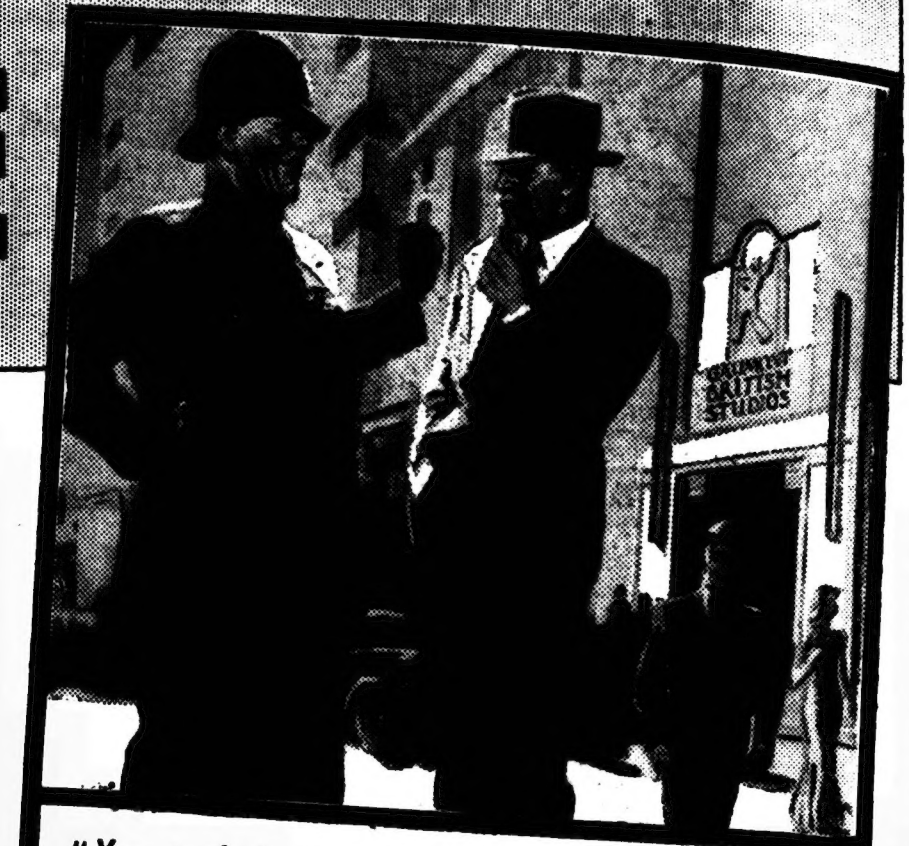

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JOHN BULL

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JAIL *the* Witches!

Without Fear or Favour

NOT long ago a Norfolk village was in turmoil because one of its housewives got a scalded foot. A day or two before she slammed her door in the face of a peddling sorcerer, who cursed her (so she said), and a few minutes afterwards a kettle boiled over on to her foot.

At Wolverhampton recently a man refused to give evidence in a court of law because the woman in the case was said to be a "witch."

A young London woman, with a small child, committed suicide a short while ago because another cheap necromancer had foretold a series of disasters to her.

One of them was that the woman's mother (aged nearly ninety, by the way) would die shortly: The mother did die, and the woman therefore assumed that the other disasters would follow.

This is the year of grace 1934, the third generation of compulsory education in this country; the age of the aeroplane, of wireless, of science, of the triumphs of man, the reasoning animal, over the dark beliefs and inhibitions of his forebears.

The last "witch" was burned in England in 1784; some poor unfortunate old woman, no doubt. After that the law had had enough. It would no longer recognise a stupid belief by exercising its mighty machinery to suppress it. The law was repealed.

But, two centuries after, the belief in witchcraft still persists in every part of the country. Every kind of bugaboo of superstition and idiot necromancy still prevails. Witches to-day, however, own rows of houses and have substantial balances in the bank.

Therein lies John Bull's chief interest in the matter. The gullible are presumably born with their credulity, and cannot be blamed for it any more than a person born with a physical deformity. Theirs is a mental deformity which they can only cure themselves.

But the exploitation of it is a different thing. It has been estimated by the police that about 20,000 people are now practising sorcery in all its various forms in this country, and practising to ample profit.

At Beverley, Yorkshire, recently, a woman sent to prison for fraud, sold a "love potion" called "Zep," prepared from "an animal bred in the East," at prices ranging from £25 to £75 a bottle.

It was shown in evidence that she had succeeded in getting over £400 from several women in a very short space of time.

We have mentioned the case of the Wolverhampton man who refused to give evidence in Court because the woman concerned was a "witch." In those same hard-headed Midlands, the place where motor-cars and machinery are made, there is a roaring trade done in love philtres.

In South Staffordshire, and in the heart of Warwickshire, there are modern sorcerers masquerading as herbalists and "psycho-analysts," who have a wholesale turnover in other forms of "mumbo-jumbo."

For 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and a guinea you can buy gruesome natural preparations to ensure good luck, prevent yourself being "overlooked" or ward off every imaginable complaint from rheumatism to the "king's evil."

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DOVE'S heart dust, bats' wings, goats' tongues ("killed when Jupiter is in the ascendant") and other offals are merely a few of the magic substances sold at the price of half a week's wages to the credulous.

"Dragon's blood," used by the ton by photographic block makers and by the paint trade, is sold in small bottles at 5s. each to country people in Cornwall, South Wales and Norfolk.

A small quantity of it smeared over the door lintel is supposed to keep erring husbands at home, and to attract a lover for the daughter of the house.

The Black Country seems to be truly named. A Staffordshire husband recently appeared in the police court on an assault summons. His wife had paid 10s. for a recipe for "love drops," which are widely sold to credulous women, who are told that by administering them they can keep their husband's affection.

The husband told the court that he caught his wife pouring something out of a blue bottle into his tea. He demanded to know what it was, and when she told him he took off his belt and started to use it. The sequel to those "love drops" was an assault summons.

The same county is, appropriately enough, the chief source of supply for the deluge of amulets, lucky charms and other gadgets which are now pouring out as fast as the mills and metal presses of Birmingham can turn them out.

A Chamber of Commerce official recently estimated that nearly a £1,000,000 worth of them are being sold annually at all prices ranging from sixpence to jewelled signs of the Zodiac and cabalistic symbols costing pounds.

It is an ironic commentary on this that in a dozen "found drowned" inquests lately, lucky charms were specifically mentioned as being found on the dead person.

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PEOPLE who ought to know better help to keep superstitious practices alive and make hay for the sorcerers. A few weeks ago Gloucester Council, sitting in all solemnity, decided that the miniature horseshoes which form the mayoral chain should be altered so that the points hung downwards—their traditional position. The last mayor had them turned round with the points upwards so that "the city's luck would not run out of the shoes."

And then there are the widely quoted visits of Society leaders and politicians to the various necromancers who flourish in Mayfair and the West End of London on five-figure incomes.

They have their counterparts in the hordes of cheaper sorcerers who prey upon the credulous in all parts of the country.

There is no need to mince words about this modern witchcraft. It is as much a fraud and theft as the three-card trick.

There is abundant proof of its more malign aspects. There have been half a dozen suicides during the past year by people bedazed and hypnotised by the gloomy prophecies of some of these pernicious soothsayers.

And there are plenty of places, particularly in rural areas, where the local sorcerer practically bosses the community to his or her ample profit, and to the harm of the inhabitants. Many country doctors can confirm from their experience cases like that of a Dorset woman who recently took a dying child to the local "witch" rather than to the doctor.

There is plenty of evidence to make the authorities bestir themselves and amend the law. To compel policemen's wives to act as "agents provocateur" so that an occasional crystal gazer can be haled into court and fined, is not enough.

This modern witchcraft has now become a profitable and a dangerous racket in this country, and it should be stamped out ruthlessly. Let the sorcerers try their magic on prison bars.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Martyred Boy Free: A JOHN BULL Triumph

Common Informers to Go On

Bravest Men in Britain

Re-united after eighteen years: Robert Lockwood, the "Boy Martyr," and his mother

JOHN BULL has won again. After eighteen years of monstrous imprisonment, Robert John Lockwood has been set free. Officialdom has been forced to end one of its foullest and cruellest blunders.

Infamous case

Let us recall the incredible story that we recently unfolded.

At the age of eleven Robert Lockwood, then a frail boy, was charged at Cardiff with stealing a sack of potatoes which he was alleged to have hoisted over a high fence. Despite the evidence that he hadn't the strength to lift the heavy sack, he was sent to an industrial school for twelve months.

That was harsh, but the really astounding feature of his case was yet to come.

Wasted life

After serving his year's sentence, young Lockwood was not released. On the plea that he was mentally deficient—that overworked excuse—he was still kept in captivity.

Year followed year: the "boy martyr" became a man, wasting his most precious years in a servitude as bitter as that of penal servitude.

In eighteen years he was allowed to see his parents only twice, yet the letters he wrote home were as rational as those of any other young man.

Prompt action

Even the intervention of Sir Ernest Bennett, M.P., only secured the removal of the prisoner, now aged twenty-nine, to another institution.

That was the position when, in our issue of July 28, we published the full exposure of Lockwood's ordeal and demanded his instant release.

We can now announce that he has been set at liberty.

An oppressed army

We acknowledge the thanks of the young man and his mother for our aid in securing his return to his family; we are glad that he is already happily at work. But we should be even more pleased if we could persuade ourselves that the terrible experience of Robert Lockwood was exceptional.

Unfortunately, we are afraid that in the so-called "homes" and "colonies" there are hundreds of unhappy young people in similar plight.

He likes spies

Another of the evils we have often attacked still seems to have the blessing of Sir John Gilmour, the Home Secretary.

We understand that he will advise Parliament to throw out Sir Gerald Hurst's Bill to abolish the common informer.

Most of us are contemptuous of the sneaks who, by invoking ancient laws, prevent charity garden parties and other harmless amusements from being held on Sunday. Most of us will be as contemptuous of Sir John.

Inviting blackmail

He is also holding up the scheme for abolishing the King's Proctor—that gentleman whose business it is to pry into people's most intimate affairs.

We have told before how this divorce official plays into the hands of the blackmailer.

Unhappy couples who want their freedom are at the mercy of the racketeer who threatens to reveal their past to the King's Proctor unless they pay him "hush money."

Income-tax "narks"

Again, the Government has been encouraging the spy who draws rewards for revealing secrets about his neighbour's income, so that it may be taxed more highly.

The aims may be desirable, but the means employed are pretty dirty.

Fortunately, the new Income Tax Bill will somewhat curb this shady business. But it's time the Government curbed them all. We have a good police force and a good judiciary; surely that should be sufficient to keep order.

Up-stage

Let us next cross swords and words with a Cheshire vicar, the Rev. John Penrose. To bolster up his ban on theatricals and dancing, he quotes Clement Scott's remark, "It is almost impossible for a woman to remain pure who adopts the stage as a profession."

He forgets that this statement produced an uproar of denial from people who knew, and that Clement Scott has been dead for thirty years.

The vicar's views are out of date in more senses than one.

Mixed

Then, if you can believe it, he thinks that dancing might be a healthy exercise so long as it wasn't mixed dancing!

"If unmixed dancing became the rule," he adds innocently, "every dance hall would have to put up its shutters."

Fortunately, they won't need to.

Time, please!

A further dose of nonsense is the idea of a closing time for hospitals.

The latest to adopt this crazy notion is an isolation hospital at Earsdon, Northumberland, which doesn't want to admit patients after six p.m., and not at all on Sundays!

No wonder the council has laughed the proposal out of court. And little wonder, maybe, that the district is in the grip of scarlet fever.

Tragic delay

But we do wonder at the ten hours' delay in getting a dying miner from the pit to Newcastle Infirmary.

The coroner, Sir Alfred Appleby, excused the doctor who examined the man by explaining that it was difficult to diagnose certain injuries until the patient had been under observation for some time.

Quite, but what better reason could there be for moving the patient to a fully-equipped hospital with all possible speed?

Back to barbarity

Nor can we find excuse for the revolting and gruesome exhibition that was held at Baildon, Yorks, in aid of hospitals and other charities.

The hanging of an old-time murderer was illustrated. A "strong man" was engaged to fill the rôle of the criminal because he has such strength that he can endure the ordeal of hanging for long periods without risk of strangulation.

Strong and soft

Perhaps he can. But it's certain that people who enjoy such gruesomeness must have strong stomachs and weak heads.

Out of place

And there's something wrong with the heads of those 3,000 people, mostly women and girls, who stormed a London church to see Henry Hall's pianist married.

Some of them climbed on to the base of the font; many fainted in the crush.

They shouldn't have gone to church, but to the Zoo.

Set fair

After all those stupidities, let us note a shining example of wisdom and generosity.

It's provided by a new Leicester shoe company which assures its employees of a free holiday, participation in profits to the extent of 75 per cent., and a voice in the management.

We hope its barometer will be "set fair" for ever and a day.

The Fragrant Minute.

GIVE ME TREES

IF I had a shop I'd like it to be well in sight of at least one tree! If at all possible, three or four, that I could see from the shop's front door. Should hostile trade winds fiercely blow, the trees would comfort me, I know. They'd wave, and say, "Resist not. Bend. By bending, you're not broken, friend."

I'd watch them in the winter time, bare of leaf and white with rime. And should my ledger leaves look bare, I'd note the quiet trees standing there; their courage would encourage me, I'd work with double energy.

Ah! in the Spring we would be one. We'd both revive beneath the sun. They'd wave and nod and brightly smile. Green leaves of hope, and life's worth while. If I had a shop I'd like it to be well in sight of at least one tree.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Topsy-turvy

But there's not much wisdom in the mining industry, as we all know. On the one hand there are shallow and safe pits lying idle. On the other, naked British miners are working at such depths that the temperature is 104 and they contract boils and high blood pressure.

The Lancashire and Cheshire Miners' Federation is trying to remove such anomalies, and we wish them luck.

They never say die

And the courage of these miners! One young man, pinned under a fallen roof, kept up a continuous flow of conversation while his mates worked feverishly for five hours to extricate him.

That was the story told at Leigh, Lancs, at the inquest on the brave victim.

The bravest of all

So it's not difficult to appreciate the tribute of Salford Royal Hospital: "These injured miners are the bravest men we know. They come in here suffering from terrible injuries, but calmly smoking a cigarette and explaining to the doctors that 'a bit of dirt' fell on them."

Everyone who knows our miners knows how true that is.

An invalid's plight

We can think of nothing to equal the callous ejection of a sick mother and her young family from their home at Cambuslang, Scotland.

The sheriff's officer and police stripped the house of furniture and dumped the invalid woman on a mattress on the open stair landing. She lay there for over an hour, surrounded by her weeping children, before being removed to hospital.

Asking for it

Another distasteful spectacle was that at Manchester, when a twenty-year-old girl refereed a fight between two professional boxers, one of whom was a coloured man.

And it wasn't made less unpleasant by the crowd's refusal to accept her verdict regarding a foul, or by her subsequent action in reversing her decision.

It may be one of the privileges of women to change their minds, but they must expect trouble if they practise it in the ring. We'd prefer that they kept out of the ring.

Tempting

But we like the sound sense in the Liverpool Juvenile Court's comments on the penny-in-the-slot machine.

"Until you can get machines which are not capable of being cheated with discs made from the stoppers of beer bottles, which are neither the weight nor the shape of a penny, you are abusing the court by bringing children here and are manufacturing criminals," said the magistrates when some youngsters were charged with theft from a machine.

The remedy

We agree, for it's obvious that children will be tempted by such easy opportunities for petty fraud.

And we should like to see the use of all such machines banned to children.

Disgusting wages

We have often attacked public assistance committees for their heartlessness But we congratulate the Blackburn committee for protesting against the mere £1 a week paid by the corporation to an unemployed man who was temporarily engaged as a porter.

"Desperately bad," as one of the members described it, just fits it.

Collapse we like

The "City of Prayer" has collapsed, and we're glad to hear it. Immediately it was proposed to open Addington Park, the huge Kent estate with a magnificent mansion, as a sort of religious colony, we exposed the scheme and told the full story of its humbug principal, Charles Simpson, a one-time hawker who had exploited "Spiritualism" and lived in great luxury.

Now the "City" is so poor that it can't afford to pay 7s. 8d. a week to a poor man who was injured in its employ!—an astounding statement considering the many thousands of pounds that was subscribed to the "City."

Man to watch

Not long ago Simpson was still broadcasting appeals for money from his opulent mansion in Queen's Gate, Kensington. As that is still his address, we are wondering whether the "City's" ruin has impoverished him as much as his wretched dupes.

Deadly MILK Peril

How America is safeguarding her people against tainted milk: Cows in one great centre undergo a searching physical examination by resident veterinary experts once every month

TO secure a national milk supply which shall be entirely free from the taint of tuberculosis is one of the most pressing needs of the day.

Far be it from us to injure, by unfair criticism, any real effort to give to every home in the nation the benefit of milk that is above suspicion.

But to transfer disease-ridden cows from one herd to another, with a great deal of expense and trouble, does not seem to us a very commendable way of achieving this object.

Yet this is, in effect, the amazing state of affairs created jointly by Mr. Walter Elliot, Minister of Agriculture, and Sir Edward Hilton Young, Minister of Health, and passed off in the name of a cleaner milk campaign.

The longer this dangerous scheme continues the more effectively will the milk supply of this country become divided into two sections—disease-free milk for those that can afford it, and milk that may be deadly with tuberculosis germs for those whose pockets are leaner.

The "T.T." herd scheme to which we refer sounds excellent in theory. Farmers are offered a "superior" market for milk outside the restrictions and control of the Milk Marketing Board, if they will undertake to have all their cows tested for tuberculosis, and to weed out all the reactors.

Then, provided that the cattle are tested periodically, and only healthy cows retained in the herd, the milk may be dubbed "Tuberculin Tested" Grade A, and sold at an enhanced price.

It is this milk to which all children, whether of rich or poor families, should be entitled.

Because such milk can be sold outside the Milk Board's control, and is not chargeable with the levy, more and more of the bigger dairy farmers are taking up the scheme.

Now statistics show that at least 25 per cent. of the cattle tested are "reactors," and have to be scrapped from the "T.T." herds.

What happens to them? Have the Cabinet Ministers concerned lost sight of this important point? It would seem that they have.

The other day a prominent judge of Friesian cattle attended a well-known cattle-market.

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AMONG a lot of mixed cattle up for auction he noticed a particularly fine Friesian cow—the sort of animal that would normally only be disposed of at one of the special sales organised by the Friesian Cattle Society.

Its pedigree was impressive; its "handling" and appearance was that of a prospective prize-winner. The judge was interested, but the auctioneer could give him no reason for the animal's presence in such mixed company.

"It is not unusual lately to have these very good cattle here on market-days," said the auctioneer proudly.

A few minutes later the pedigree Friesian was knocked down to a small farmer at a very good price.

The cattle judge was so puzzled that he examined the cow very carefully before it was taken away to its new quarters. Eventually he discovered what he had suspected—a tubercular gland, as big as an egg, high up at the back of the cow's udder!

An examination of the neck then revealed the tiny circle of bare skin which indicated that a tuberculin test had been made.

The expert took the trouble to follow up the history of the animal, and discovered that it came from a herd owned by a big farmer many miles away, who had taken up the "T.T." herd scheme.

The cow was a reactor—a "throw-out"—a tuberculous animal. And this was the animal that had been introduced into the healthy herd of a poorer man!

This sort of thing is going on every day in the markets of country towns up and down the country. The big herds are being "cleaned up"—and the dread disease of tuberculosis is being concentrated into the smaller ones.

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THERE are no checks, no restrictions of any sort, on the sale of these cattle on the open market. They may be sold into dairy farms, for milk production, or into slaughterhouses, for human consumption.

The result is that the ordinary farmer with the ordinary herd of dairy cattle, such as are really the mainstay of the nation's milk supply, may often be buying, instead of discarding, tuberculous cattle.

The tuberculin tests, to which the "T.T." herds are subjected under the Government scheme, are still in the experimental stage.

The serum used does not contain live bacilli, but is the poison produced by the culture.

When it is injected into the animal to be tested, it indicates, definitely, by its local reaction, if the animal is tuberculous or not.

The healthy animal takes no harm from the test. But it has not yet been proved conclusively that the diseased animal is not adversely affected.

Experienced herdsmen declare that once a diseased animal has been "tested" its fate is sealed. They say that it succumbs invariably to the first suspicion of any disease that attacks it.

Under modern methods of treatment cows afflicted with milk fever, for instance, usually recover. But once a "tested" cow gets milk fever it dies almost immediately.

Yet such animals are permitted to be sold openly on the British markets, as ordinary healthy animals—animals which are not only *proved* beyond doubt to have tuberculosis, but are liable to die off at any time.

There should be only one sequel to the official tuberculin test.

All cattle reacting to this official test should be destroyed by order. Not one animal should be allowed to live to spread infection elsewhere, and imperil the nation's milk supply.

In the official mind the difference seems to be that foot-and-mouth disease causes death and disaster to spread among the country's cattle, while tuberculosis only attacks the nation's children.

As the animals are safeguarded by the killing and burning of cattle having foot-and-mouth disease, so the children should be safeguarded by equally stringent action in the case of tuberculous cattle.

—GRAVE WARNING

The new "Accredited Herds" scheme which comes into operation on January 1, 1935, is only a short step in the right direction.

Under this scheme, a bonus is to be paid, out of the Milk Marketing Board's pool, to producers who satisfy local authorities that their dairies have reached a certain standard of cleanliness, and that their cows are *apparently* healthy.

We use the word "apparently" advisedly, for the clinical examination of the cattle stipulated by the "Accredited Herds" regulations is not to be thorough enough to reveal the presence of tuberculosis in any animal unless it be in an advanced stage of the disease.

Then, on October 1, a plan to provide cheap milk to upward of 3,000,000 school-children is to be inaugurated. On every school-day these children are to be provided with half a pint of milk costing one halfpenny.

And it is not to be tubercular-free milk, grade A milk or even compulsorily sterilised or pasteurised milk. The best we can hope for is that *some* of these children will get milk that has been treated, either by pasteurisation or sterilisation so that at least it will have been cleansed of harmful germs.

It should be made a criminal offence for any farmer or dealer to offer for sale for dairy use any cow which has reacted to the tuberculin test unless some definite guarantee can be given that its milk will always be sterilised or pasteurised.

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MOREOVER, a systematic campaign must be organised. Abroad, experts have proved the practicability of inoculating calves against tubercular infection. It has been found to be as effective as the inoculation of human beings against small-pox.

In this country the Government veterinary experts are still dabbling in the matter. They must hurry up. For it is clear that, if all calves born in this country were inoculated, compulsorily, against tuberculosis, the disease would be practically wiped out in cattle within five years.

At the present rate of progress only about a third of the dairy herds in this country will be free from tuberculosis in that period, while the possibility is that the rest will be worse than ever owing to the concentration of disease encouraged by the present system.

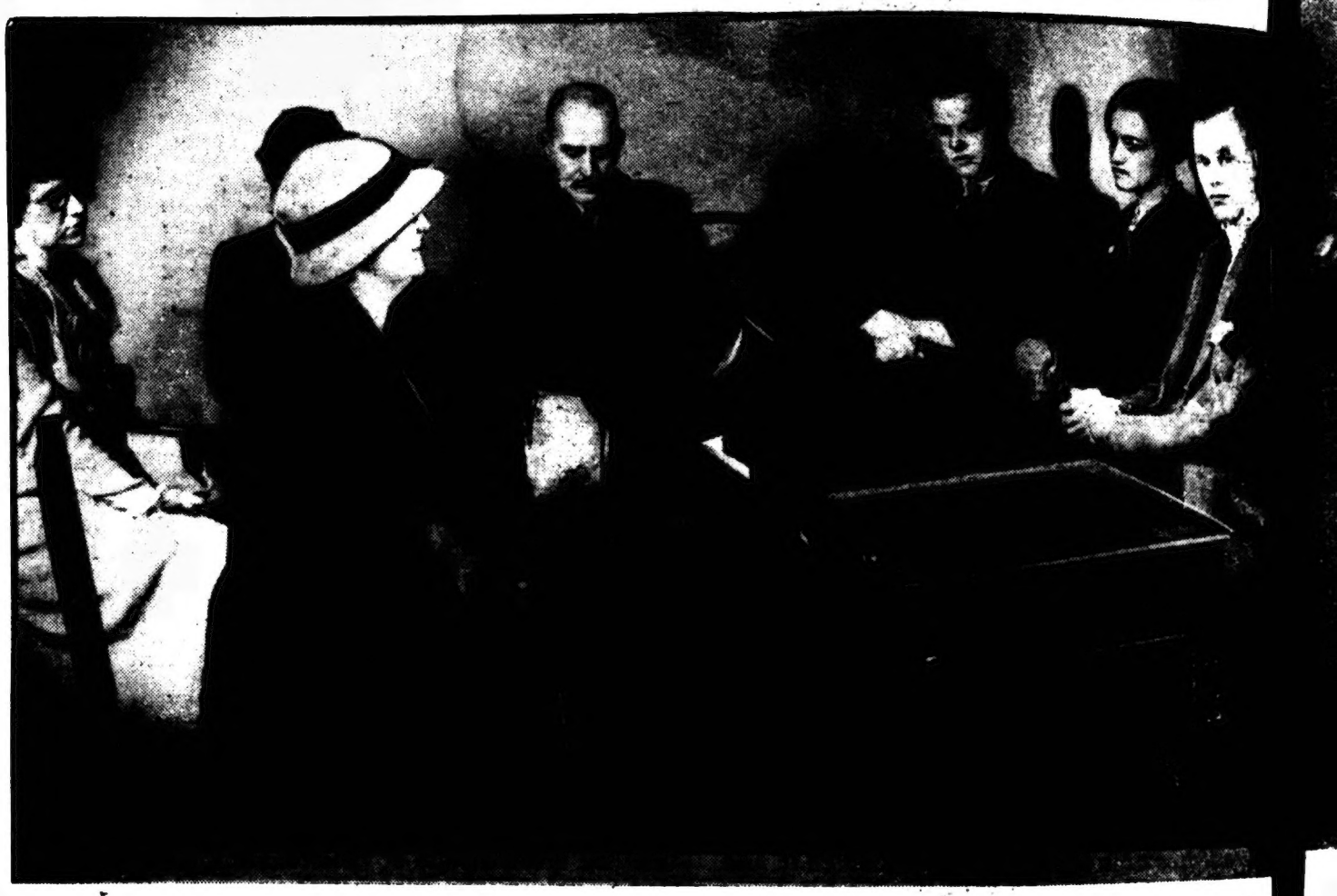
If they wish to improve the standards of national health and the development of high-grade livestock in this country, Sir Edward Hilton Young and Mr. Walter Elliot should turn their attention immediately to the cattle-markets of the countryside.

They will find that bad traditions persist. In most markets those who successfully dispose of "dud" animals at the prices ruling for sound animals are regarded as "clever."

We should prefer that they were regarded as criminal, and dealt with accordingly.

What the PANEL

THEIR REPLY TO "JOHN BULL'S" ARTICLES



INCLUDED in the enormous postbag which JOHN BULL has received, following its series of articles criticising the working of the panel system, there has been a large number of letters from doctors.

This response by the panel doctors themselves has been, in a way, the most astonishing feature of the series. We might have expected protests against or downright denials of the strictures we made, if only because of the well-known habit of doctors sticking together in the face of lay criticism of any aspects of their profession.

Dictators?

Instead, there is complete agreement in every letter and additional confirmation of the facts JOHN BULL has given concerning what one doctor calls "the rotters in our profession."

We will select as a beginning a letter from a panel practitioner sent to us from a seaside resort where he is enjoying, we hope, a holiday from all the trials of which he speaks.

We quote it first because it is the only one containing even a shadow of criticism. This doctor, discussing the charges we made of the widespread gross negligence of many panel doctors, says: "Attendance on cases urgent or otherwise has always been a matter of much controversy.

"The profession has been prostituted by the panel scheme The old order of affairs has gone. The man in the street thinks because he has a bit of brown paste-board with a certain doctor's name on it that he can order him out like a dog out of a kennel.

"A doctor is a human being subject to all the frailties of the species and not a robot His day never ends. He sometimes goes without decent sleep for days and yet is expected to keep pace with the eight hours a day man.

"Is it to be regarded with surprise therefore if upon occasion his judgment is at fault? How often does he get an 'urgent' case and how often does he find on arrival that no urgency exists?

"It is Hell!"

"How many patients trouble to give him their cases before 10 a.m. daily? How often does he arrive home for lunch to find cases received in his absence for the flat above or the house next door to that which he has visited in the forenoon.

"In the meantime his waiting-room is full. Quite a few of his patients confess to constipation of a week or ten days' standing. They never seem to have heard of household purgatives, and yet hold equality of franchise in the destiny of a nation.

"Not infrequently I have gone out on a night call, given advice, and prescribed, only to be told by the patient's relatives that the druggist lives too far away to go for the medicine, and therefore they will just wait till the morning.

"To serve the public in any capacity is inevitably trying, but to serve it as a doctor is frequently Hell."

This is a significant letter, which is why we quote so much of it. It answers none of the charges we have made against the bad treatment given by a certain type of panel doctor to their patients. But at the same time it states one doctor's view.

Every line of it breathes a bitter impatience with the writer's patients. Indeed, he expresses it curtly in a later stage of the latter. "Personally I am sick of the whole iniquitous scheme, but unfortunately I cannot yet see a way out."

What comment is possible on this letter except to extend our sympathy to this doctor, and to ask him why he still remains a panel doctor? Would his attitude be the same if the patients were private and not panel patients?

His letter is an expression of the attitude of many doctors towards their patients, that attitude which has grown under the panel scheme, which we have whole-heartedly condemned, and which, taken just a step further, results in the gross neglect and abuses we have written about.

From the last phrase we quoted what conclusion is possible except that this doctor is a panel doctor first and last for the living which it provides him—an attitude which results in the grosser forms of commercialism which is disgracing the profession and turning the panel scheme into a racket.

Asked to explain

As a matter of fact, he himself says that "commercialism of the profession is to be deprecated," and he then proceeds to comment on the "scourge of the lock-up surgery so prevalent in London."

The cloven hoof peeps out further still in another part of the letter, when he deals with an instance we quoted in our series, where a doctor delayed a proper diagnosis of a tuberculosis patient until it was too late.

Here our correspondent unveils the money-making side of panel medicine to justify the doctor and lay the blame on the authorities.

He says: "The panel authorities 'cost' each doctor. That is, they take the doctors of a certain area, aggregate the total number of sickness days certified by each, and divide this total by the number of certified sick patients, thus obtaining average days of sickness per patient per doctor. Those doctors above average are asked to explain.

Nelson's eye

"He who diagnoses early tuberculosis, or early this-or-that, must inevitably be high in the average. He who waits six months before he discovers disease usually gives an early death certificate or loses his patient to another and his average is necessarily low.

"The doctor with the low average is, as Cæsar's wife. The other a lax fellow."

"Can you therefore blame the doctor," he asks, "who 'develops a Nelson's eye' and treats his average instead of his patient?"

Yes, we can.

In the final issue the administration of health insurance benefit in this country is in the hands of the doctors themselves. It says little for the professional standards of panel doctors who will tolerate a system of "averages" or "quotas" applied to the treatment of human suffering.

Less still can be said of any doctor who will allow himself to be browbeaten into viewing his panel returns as though they were score sheets or sales returns.

The only thing which can be said about him is that his financial advance

LOCKET LUNACY

SENSATIONAL claims are being made by Mr. J. W. Simpson, M.P.S., of 34, Chapter Street, London, who is advertising extensively his Iodolole Iodine Lockets.

Mr. Simpson, who advertises these lockets at 1s. 9d. each post free, is naturally enthusiastic about his cure-all.

"Readers who wear this Iodine Locket are as immune from germs as a man in a tank is from rifle fire.

"No less than 130,000 of these lockets are now worn by men, women and children, who have kept entirely free from 'flu and colds and rheumatism and infectious diseases.

"It is no exaggeration to say that this Iodine Locket must have saved thousand of lives."

We can only say that these bombastic claims prove Mr. Simpson to be a past-master of the art of exaggeration. To listen to this man's easy flowing bombast, one could imagine that he had conquered disease.

The buyer is assured that if this locket is suspended from the neck or carried in the vest pocket, the wearer will be kept free from 'flu or cold germs, to say nothing of rheumatism, neuritis and lumbago.

"So certain is the action of this locket that this remarkable guarantee is given, that if you incur one doctor's bill for any of the ailments mentioned whilst wearing the locket, the full purchase price will be refunded at once."

We can only urge readers who have the misfortune to suffer from the ailments from which the locket is supposed to make them immune to obtain proper medical advice.

OCTORS Say —

Panel doctors and panel patients: we have presented the case of each. Here we make our demand for a complete overhaul of the panel system for the sake of both.

e important to him his vocation.
ely the charge which ng against a growing profession.
hing statement of the quoted does, however, scandalous aspect of el position—the part the authorities, both inistration and the , to which we shall meantime let us go ommunication from a

nightwork

teresting because it is onal testimony from ecent experience as a er stating that he was om the very beginning es on to say:—
ractice after the war, rs ago took on a small e in a large town. I nd now there are cer- hich I agree with the cles.
tered the profession rtainly had some idea g, but I could not get away from the feeling that it was my duty to do something for my fellow human beings. I believe that by far the largest number of newly-qualified practitioners had the same idea.

"I am sorry to find that things are somewhat altered now. Like the rest of the world, there are men in the medical profession who are looking at things only from the commercial side. . . .

"With regard to the panel practitioner that side is more evident than it used to be. There is a greater tendency to avoid nightwork instead of looking on it as one of the inevitable inconveniences of the profession."

This correspondent blames the approved societies for the present state of the profession and the panel.

"I was secretary of a panel committee from the beginning of the Act and so came in contact with all my fellow practitioners, the insurance committees and the approved societies. From the beginning I saw what trouble there would be with the last. At the insurance committee meetings I found myself continually up against them.

"They evidently regarded every insured patient as a possible commercial gain and so tried to bring in all kinds of rules to help themselves regardless of the doctors and the insured patients. The latter are hardly represented on the Insurance Committees at all [a point JOHN BULL made].

"I know the approved societies pretend to represent them, but my experience during the last two years has convinced me more than ever that it is self only that has to be considered."

In connection with his strictures on the changes which have taken place in his profession, this doctor adds:—"But by far the majority of the medical profession are still doing their best, in their quiet unobtrusive way, for those who come under their care." And he proceeds to pay a tribute to the vast amount of unpaid work which is done by the honorary staffs of the hospitals.

With all that JOHN BULL is, of course, in hearty agreement. It is the minority—the growing minority—of whom this cannot be said with which we are concerned.

Another doctor writes:—"That there exist men in the medical profession, as JOHN BULL has shown, who do not do their duty to their panel patients is undeniable. It exists partly from the panel system itself and partly from the commercialisation of medicine which is so rampant at present."

This doctor discusses many angles of the "rackets" which have grown up round panel practices, and confirms everything said in the JOHN BULL exposures—the high prices to which "panels" are boomed by agents, the "multiplicity of disguised partnerships," and so on.

Partnership curse

"The young doctor who cannot reach the price has to resort to expensive loans through brokers who are the real masters of the practices sold. 'Partnerships' have become a curse. The members aim to get the panel patients of an area into their clutches, so that they can pass on a case to one of their brethren for 'special treatment'—and fees.

"Another disgusting thing is the placing of a man in a practice with his name on the door, who is really only a salaried individual to another doctor who is the financier and owner of the practice and takes the profits.

"Another dodge is to send all 'serious,' 'doubtful,' or 'troublesome' cases to the out-patient departments of the hospitals."

After discussing other examples this doctor says:—"So long as the General Medical Council does nothing to stop commercialisation in these many forms, so long will panel patients continue to be neglected.

"Medicine is an art to be exercised by the individual for the individual; and "partnerships," lock-up surgeries, mortgages, and salaried doctors who run practices should be absolutely prohibited.

"The answer to the existing system is a State Medical Service for all persons up to £500 per year income together with their dependents, *and* the strict elimination of this beastly spirit of commercialism."

We sum up

These letters speak for themselves. We could not wish for more ardent support in our demand for an overhaul of the panel system than that which has been given us by the panel doctors.

Without making further quotations we shall sum up the points for overhaul which we demand and with which all these doctors are in substantial agreement.

(1) The name and address to be given of every doctor who is convicted by an Insurance Committee of gross neglect of a patient, so that patients may know whom to avoid and other doctors may know the black sheep of their profession.

(2) A maximum panel list of 2,000 for any one doctor, and that only on condition that he undertakes no private work. There are plenty of doctors in London alone who have more than 4,000 panel patients. On some panels it has been shown that four minutes per patient is the only time that can be given.

(3) A patient to be absolutely free to change his doctor when he likes. At present it takes from one to four months to make a change.

(4) A ruthless cutting down of the administrative costs of the approved societies and the official departments. In the year 1933-34 the sum of £26,790,000 was expended on total medical and other benefits. Nearly a fifth of this sum, however, £4,764,000, was spent on "administration," forms, committees, inspectors, etc. That is too much Doctors and patients should get the benefits of "cuts" here.

Now—action!

(5) Prohibit the "farming out" of panel practices and their purchase through moneylending brokers. One doctor, one practice, should be the rule; and it should be impossible for one doctor to draw money while another does the work.

(6) An actual panel patient to be a member of every insurance committee. At present patients are merely "represented" thereon.

(7) A minimum penalty of £50 for such widespread and gross abuses as taking fees from panel patients.

(8) Clear printed instructions to be given to every panel patient informing how he can bring to the notice of the authorities any cause for grave dissatisfaction with his treatment or service by his panel doctor.

These points represent a minimum demand. We look to the Minister of Health to put them into action without delay for the sake of both patients and doctors. And also for the sake of the greatest experiment in social service which any country has ever undertaken; a service which has been, and may still be, a model for the world.

FIRESIDE DRAMA

WISPS of smoke from the domestic chimneys of Gateshead told that the first nip of autumn was in the air. Families were tasting the joys of the fireside for the first time for many months.

But in one home the tranquillity of the moment was to be rudely destroyed. A fresh lump of coal was added to the fire. The flames licked round it welcomingly. And then——

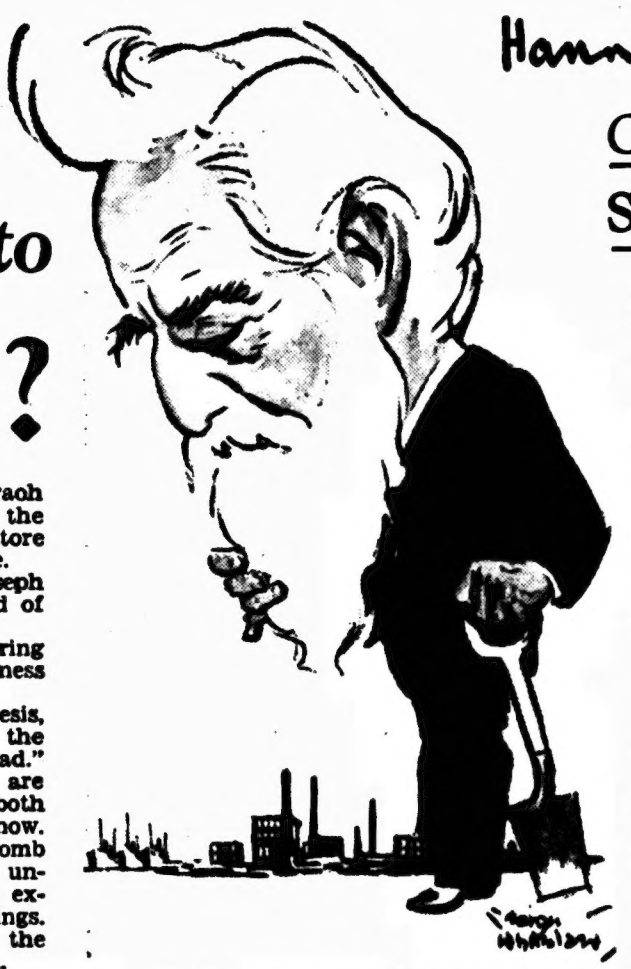
With a roar the whole fire blew up, its red-hot embers cascading to all parts of the room. Some highly explosive element must have somehow got mixed with the coal. For a full minute the room looked like a miniature blast furnace, flames breaking out and doing serious damage despite the efforts of everybody present to stifle them.

* * *

Surveying their ruined possessions was a poignant experience for the family—until they remembered an important point. They were insured against such exigencies under the comprehensive and generous terms of JOHN BULL'S free insurance scheme, and soon the cheque in settlement arrived.

Are you protected against this and many similar happenings? All you have to do is to sign and forward a coupon, the work of a moment. It is waiting for you on page 2.

Why Not DIG BACK to 1933?



Hanner Swaffer's Open Letter to Sir Flinders PETRIE

DEAR SIR FLINDERS,—So now, finished with England, your house empty, your professorship at London University handed on to a successor, you have gone, with your eighty-one years and Lady Petrie, to dig up the past in Northern Syria.

You have given your whole life to excavation. Largely because of your work, archæology has become a science. You have explored Egypt. You have explored Palestine. And now, the problems raised by your discoveries there left to others, you have gone to try to trace, in Northern Syria, a civilisation that flourished perhaps 5,000 years ago.

Not long ago I passed through Gaza, where you and your wife were exploring the ancient city, once a royal capital. You were discovering the streets and the houses used by the Canaanites, going right back to the days of the Shepherd Kings. . . .

I, very casually, have looked on much of the past unearthed by you. You put together a few scraps of pottery and find, in the result, a clue to history. I, a mere amateur, a tourist, a week-end visitor, can only wonder about it all.

One thing that puzzles me is that while, in the Old Testament, the story of Joseph is considered all-important, Egyptology has proved that the enslavement of the Israelites was a trivial event.

Yet that story, as told in the Bible, has lessons for to-day more important than anything discovered in all Egypt.

I was reading, the other day, how Pharaoh dreamed a dream, a dream of plenty and a dream of famine.

Egyptology can merely decide which Pharaoh it was.

But it seems to me the lessons of the dream are more important than the date of any Pharaoh's reign. For, as you remember, Joseph, called to interpret the dream, advised Pharaoh to gather all the food of the years of good harvest, and store it against the years of famine.

Because of his wisdom, Joseph was made ruler over the land of Egypt.

He gathered the corn during the seven years of plenteousness—and then came drought.

"The dearth," records Genesis, "was in all lands; but in all the land of Egypt there was bread."

Egyptologists, of whom you are the greatest, have dug on both sides of the Nile for years now. They have discovered the tomb of Tutankhamen. They have unearthed Thebes. They have explored the Valley of the Kings. They have gone down into the Soudan, digging, digging. . . .

I have seen, in scores of places all over that part of the world, little tents. Each meant that someone was digging.

They have unearthed Ur, where Abraham was born, and Jericho, where Joshua is said to have blown a trumpet. The museums are full of things that excavators have brought away.

But all of them together have learned nothing so important as is taught in the lesson of Pharaoh's dream.

I wonder if, in the future, when some archæologist digs into the ruins of London, he will come across any record of the Wheat Conference held here only a few months ago, not with the object of storing up the harvest in the years of plenty, but with the avowed policy of restricting crops!

That Wheat Conference still meets sometimes. It never says: "How can we feed the people?" It merely asks: "How much money can we make by keeping the people short of food?"

During your many years of research you have blundered across many amazing discoveries. With your great knowledge and your inflexible honesty of judgment, you have filled up many gaps in history.

But you have never found, in all your eighty years, anything so astounding as the discovery someone like yourself will make centuries hence, if any record of it exists—the discovery that in A.D. 1934 savage races like the British, the Americans, the Australians and the Canadians actually allowed a few people to decide that they should not grow, one year, as much wheat as they grew in the year before, that they actually plotted years of scarcity, and that, when the bounty of God was lavished on the earth, they complained and said "Boys, there's no money in this for us!"

We must start, in England, digging into our own past—A.D. 1933, A.D. 1932, yes, even as far back as A.D. 1931. We shall discover something which will shock those few of us who are enlightened—and there are not very many, unfortunately—that, in those dark, drear years of barbarism, we allowed many of the poor to go hungry so that a few of the rich could make fortunes out of their misery.

Will anybody believe it?

"Surely people had more sense in A.D. 1933!" they will say.

"It cannot be true that, in A.D. 1932, medical services were restricted?" someone will gasp.

"But the records show it," a half-incredulous person will reply. "Anyway, it seems to be true that, in A.D. 1931, they starved education. So it might be true about the medical services in A.D. 1932."

We must be very careful that we leave for posterity no records of our stupidities to-day.

In case the civilised people who are to come after us are horrified, we must destroy all the files in the British Museum, burn all our books, yes, and smash all our statues of soldiers and sailors, all the people who killed people and so won "glory."

"The Future," said Pinero once, "is only the Past coming through another door."

We all make the same mistakes, generation after generation, race after race.

But at least the Egyptians knew one thing we have not learned—that you must not destroy wheat. That is a sin against Heaven. It is a crime which becomes worse the more it is legalised.

You don't have to dig into Ancient Egypt to learn that. Yet we have not learned it. I suppose it is too easy.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Rev. WALTER WHITTINGHAM,
Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich

DEAR BISHOP,—You are puzzled because you must obtain permission from the P.M.G. before sending a live creature, other than a bee or a leech, through the post. And you're surprised that you aren't allowed to receive live caterpillars, despite your love for them.

I'm surprised that you're surprised.

If the postman brought you a parcel of man-eating snakes, I guess you'd be the first to object. I should object even to caterpillars, bees or leeches.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. W. C. JORDAN,
Slaidburn, Yorkshire

DEAR RECTOR,—"1914-18 are glorious years in our history," you believe, and much of the pacifist literature seems to you to be unworthy, injurious and un-Christian.

Most people, I'm glad to think, would apply those last few words to your own views.

JOHN BULL.

FRANK PEARCE, Birmingham: "I've been in tighter places," you told police after "cutting in" dangerously. But don't put others in tight places.—JOHN BULL.

THE CITY CORONER,
Nottingham

DEAR SIR,—You declined to allow the widow of a man who had committed suicide when suffering great pain to retain the last letter he wrote to her. Instead, you told her she might have a copy.

I don't see why you shouldn't have kept the copy and returned the original.

That may not have been strictly in accordance with the rules, but it would have been a sympathetic concession to sentiment. And I don't think even the legal faddists would have objected.

JOHN BULL.

SIR HILTON YOUNG,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR HILTON,—What's become of your anxiety about better housing for the masses?

Once again you are trying to dissuade local councils from lending money to house purchasers—because their rates of interest are too low!

I hope the councils ignore you.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE RENNELS,
Berwick-on-Tweed

DEAR GEORGE,—With your wife and three children you have travelled nearly 1,500 miles in three weeks, mostly on foot with occasional lifts from passing cars.

No pleasure trip, though; for you've been looking vainly for work.

Now you are on the road home again, and there I hope you'll get the best of all possible welcomes—a job.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. REGINALD DIXON, Lancaster: Broadcast church services are intrusions, you complain. Very welcome intrusions to many people too ill to go to church. —JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. O. LANGLEY,
Metropolitan Police Magistrate

YOUR WORSHIP,—You threaten to send "dole" swindlers to prison in future.

Why only threaten? The sooner you make a start the better the decent unemployed will like it.

JOHN BULL.

Petty Officer E. W. BREWER,
H.M.S. "Cormorant"

DEAR BREWER,—Channel swimmers may be as plentiful as blackberries in autumn, but you have put up a new record by swimming the Straits of Gibraltar.

The distance is only five miles, but the strong currents have defeated all previous attempts; yet you took only 3 hours 24 minutes.

Sailors don't care about—currents.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. WELLS,
Chief Constable, Chesterfield

DEAR CHIEF,—The justices set you an awkward problem when they sentenced an habitual drunkard to detention in an inebriates' home.

You couldn't find one, and when you despairingly sought Home Office advice you were informed that all such institutions have been closed.

A good thing, too—for it proves now drunkenness has decreased.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman E. G. ROWLINSON,
Sheffield Education Committee

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—You wouldn't mind someone burning down the "Queen Mary Huts" to prevent their being used as schools!

A rash statement, maybe, but I share your indignation.

There are too many insanitary, ill-heated, death-trap schools already without adding huts to their numbers.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. J. CHENNELLS,
Hemel Hempstead, Herts

DEAR SIR,—I have always championed the cause of hikers, but I share the dislike of you farmers against some of them.

Once you found a party of hikers playing cricket in one of your wheatfields. They said they didn't know it was wheat, but thought it ordinary grass!

That's worse than ignorance—it's an entire lack of sense!

JOHN BULL.

JOHN INGRAM,
Kilburn, London, N.W.

RUFFIAN,—You punched the head, blackened the eye, and with a cigarette burnt the foot of a baby—besides whipping it and making it stand for hours.

Though I have always advocated a humane prison system, I can't help feeling that the jail in which you will spend the next six months will be far too good for you.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALBERT E. MARTIN,
Twickenham, Middesex

DEAR MARTIN,—Englishmen who join the Foreign Legion do so with their eyes open and must expect little sympathy in the hardships they have to endure.

But when you deserted and stowed away on a ship at Tunisia the skipper's pity prevented him from prosecuting you when you arrived at Dundee.

That skipper is a man after my own heart.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALBERT TAYLOR,
Newcastle-on-Tyne

DEAR SIR,—Much as I admire your pluck, I have a still greater regard for your modesty.

You pulled a child off a live rail, and when the coroner asked if you knew the risk you ran, you answered. "Yes, but I saw the child lying on the line and I couldn't do anything else."

Those are the real sentiments of heroism.

JOHN BULL.

STRIKE *that must not* BE

by A. G. GARDINER

ON August 31, 130,000 miners engaged in the South Wales coal trade handed in notice of their intention to stop work on October 1 unless in the interval their demand for an increase of wages has been conceded.

This is a fact of grave national importance, affecting far more than the area or even the industry to which it refers. It comes from what has long been the chief industrial storm centre in this country, and we need only recall the origins of the General Strike of 1926 to appreciate the seriousness of the possibilities involved.

It comes, too, at a time when this country has long been free from industrial conflicts on a big scale and when the outlook of trade is more cheerful than it has been for at least five years past. There are many indications that we have turned the corner. The bulk of unemployment has diminished in the last year by nearly 20 per cent. The revenue returns are most encouraging. Trade in most directions is improving, and only the disturbed international situation stands in the way of a world economic recovery as general and as marked as the depression that has afflicted us for five years.

Rumour at work

Nothing could be more deplorable than that these favourable conditions should be upset by an industrial conflict which it will be difficult to localise. If the strike eventuates it is pretty certain that the South Wales Miners' Federation will appeal to the National Miners' Federation to support them, and should that happen the whole British coalfield would be involved.

But even if the strike is localised the effects will still be disastrous and far-reaching. The mere rumour of the strike has already begun to do its work. The carrion crows are beginning to gather for the feast that is in prospect. A stoppage in the British coal trade means the richest of all harvests for the foreign competitors of that still great industry. Within the last few days a contract for 100,000 tons of coal for the Argentine Santa Fé Railway has gone to Germany, although hitherto the order has always been supplied by South Wales. It is stated, and may well be true, that the change has been made because the railway fears that the threatened stoppage makes delivery of the coal uncertain.

It is a commonplace that the prolonged stoppage of 1926 led to the permanent diversion of many lines of industry from this country to Poland, Germany and other competitors. That that will occur again if the same opportunity arises is evident from the advices which the export firms at Cardiff are said to be receiving from their agents in Italy, France and elsewhere that both Germany and Poland have offered to supply coal to meet their requirements at low prices from October 1.

It is necessary to see the threatened strike against this background of facts in order to appreciate its significance and the urgent need of reaching an agreement before hostilities have broken out. When war has begun reason has a poor chance of being heard and passion is apt to take control.

The first condition of reaching an understanding is that we should know the facts and face them candidly and honestly. They are simple, and I shall attempt to state them without colour or provocation.

On the eve of the crisis of 1931 the wages in the South Wales and Monmouthshire coalfields were brought under review. Up to that time the minimum percentage and subsistence allowance awarded in 1928 by Sir Francis Taylor, the independent chairman of the Conciliation Board, had prevailed. But with the catastrophic slump that had set in a new scale was called for. The Conciliation Board, which consists of representatives of both employers and miners, failed to agree, and Mr. Schiller, the chairman, thereupon made an award which was to run until January last. By this award the minimum percentage was reduced from 28 to 20 above 1915 standard rate and the subsistence wage from 7s. 10½d. to 7s. 6d.

It was a condition of this award that after January 1, 1934, either side could give a month's notice to terminate it. This is the notice that was given last Friday. It has not been given hastily. Let us look at the stages by which it has been reached.

The absentees

In January the owners and miners met to discuss a new agreement. They failed to reach agreement. Thereupon the miners proposed that the dispute should be submitted to the Coal Mines National Industrial Board. This proposal the owners declined.

Next the miners suggested an appeal to the Minister of Labour to appoint a Board of Arbitration to deal with the question. Again the owners declined. Upon this the miners decided, as they were entitled to do, to go to the National Industrial Coal Board on their own account and put their case before it. They did so, but the owners absented themselves, although the Board is a statutory body included in the Mines Act of 1930.

The result of the appeal in July to the National Industrial Board, presided over by Sir Harold Morris, was that the minimum percentage and subsistence allowance awarded in 1928 by Sir Francis Taylor, the independent chairman of the Joint Conciliation Board, should be restored. The men compute that the award would give a weekly increase of 3s. 6d. to hewers and repairers and an increase of from 2s. 3d. to 5s. 3d. weekly to daily wage men.

The National Board, in making the award, founded it on the fact that the balances on commercial proceeds in the South Wales coal industry were far more this year than in 1928. To this Mr. Gibson, the owners' secretary, replied that the proceeds were only better because wages were lower, and that, if wages were raised many mines would be driven into liquidation, as had been the case before.

However that may be, the coalowners ignored the award, and, apart from agreeing to a meeting of the Joint Conciliation Board on September 18, they have shown no disposition to discuss the miners' demand. Thereupon the South Wales Miners' Federation issued their notice terminating the Schiller award, declining the suggestion of the Minister of Mines that they should postpone action until the meeting of the Conciliation Board.

There the matter stands. I shall not presume to offer any opinion on the merits of the dispute; but I do not think it can be denied that the coalowners have shown a lack of wisdom in turning down the arbitration proposals of the men and allowing the dispute to reach a crisis. The Schiller award had a fixed period, and nothing was more reasonable than that it should be reconsidered when the period had expired.

All hangs now upon the meeting of the Conciliation Board on the 18th.

If it fails, the delay will have left little time for other measures of avoiding a catastrophe to be put into operation. In the last resort the Government must act, and in the meantime it should bring every ounce of pressure it has to bear upon both parties to the dispute to save the country, by their own good will and good sense, from a struggle which will bring profit to none and infinite loss to the country as a whole.

A South Wales miner hands in his lamp at the commencement of a strike—this must not happen this time, says A. G. G.

NOT from the B.B.C.

Honk, Clown, Honk!

SILENT, be silent, O motorist mine!
To toot on your horn is to ask for a fine
When passing that house where a gramophone blares
And Christopher Robin is saying his prayers!

Silent, be silent, O motorist, pray!
A party's in progress just over the way;
They've hired a jazz band to perform for the night,
So let them enjoy it, it's only their right!

Your hornblowing passion you really must curb
Or else there's a danger that you will disturb
A tender romance, since from midnight to four
Your cat sings of love to the cat from next door!

So turn on your headlights and race not nor rush,
Change gears in a whisper, close doors with a "Hush!"
For if you persist with your horrible hoots
We won't hear the tread of our constable's boots!

In pointing out that the motorist is not the only disturber of nocturnal peace, I must not be thought that I am hostile to the new regulation designed to ensure quietless nights within all built-up areas of Britain.

On the contrary, I am ready to give three (suitably subdued) cheers for Mr. Shore-Belisha. Silence is notoriously golden and, in this respect, we have been too long off the gold standard.

But now that a start has been made, I should like to see this hush-hush policy carried further. Is it, for example, too much to hope that our new gentle-cops will, for night duty, be provided with something less disturbing than those regulation seven-league boots with which sleepless householders are only too audibly familiar?

Nor should it be impossible to deal with the misguided person who carefully places his loud speaker near an open window so that we may enjoy to the full the subtle harmonies of its atmospherics.

Loud check suits and the necktie whose screams are heard when its wearer is half a block away are relatively minor evils, but a muzzling order for the Romeos and Juliets of the cat world would be vastly appreciated.

Meanwhile let us be grateful for relief from the nocturnal silly symphonies beloved by those members of the Ancient Order of Hornblowers who cherish the illusion that the hand that works the hooter rules the roost.

The great body of considerate motorists are only eager to check the night owls who make tooting common. But as for some giddy goats in sports cars, even this temporary separation from their beloved hooters is (judging by a rhyme that has reached me) an even more heartbreaking business than an Arab's farewell to his steed.

Alas! my noble Klaxon,
Your day seems nearly done!
No more we'll honk at walkers
And make the blighters run;
And no more in the stilly night
Will sleepers be aroused in fright
That we may have our fun!

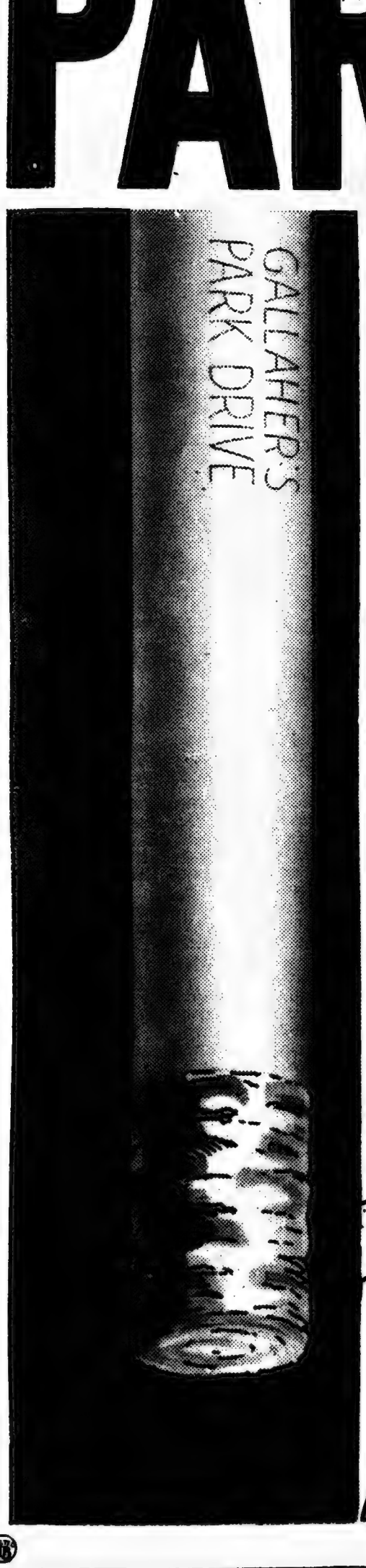
JOHN BULL.

HITLER'S SECRET

A German woman doctor with three university degrees is working as a children's nurse in London.

Although it is very true that educated German women by their thousands have been forced to give up their chosen vocations and seek work abroad, it is equally true that there is a small army of women that Hitler cannot do without. Ellen Wilkinson, lately returned from Germany, reveals this secret of Hitler's in *Passing Show*, on sale Friday, September 7.

PARK DRIVE



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PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD)

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We bring this case to the notice of the Public Prosecutor, Sir E. H. Tindall Atkinson. Right: Sir H. S. Turnbull, Commissioner of Police for the City of London, who has received many complaints

A Staggering Swindler

Colossal Frauds of a Bogus Millionaire

ing literature from the advisory department of T. Stanley Clarke and Son, Limited, completely deceived him, and he wrote for further particulars.

Instead of a reply by post he received a telephone call the next morning from one of Mr. Burton's assistants, who notified him that one of their best representatives would call upon him to go fully into the matter.

Anticipating that he might think it suspicious that an important London firm should trouble to send a man hundreds of miles specially to deal with a casual enquiry, the gentleman on the telephone explained that the agent in question was already in the neighbourhood on other business and had been instructed to call on the Exeter enquirer by telegram.

This, of course, was a lie. I happen to know that the Exeter man was deliberately singled out and the advance literature sent specially to him because he was considered—from enquiries the Burton clique had made beforehand—a promising dupe.

The agent arrived on the following day in a huge car. He was the very essence of smartness and carried with him a satchel which was crammed with imposing-looking documents.

Fatal eloquence

When he heard from the Exeter man that he had a thousand or two which he wanted to invest in a sound commercial undertaking that would unfailingly pay him prompt and regular dividends the visitor waxed eloquent. As part of his plan he started off by discussing certain land and development schemes and referred to several "Trust" investment deals which could be relied upon to provide a steady return for quick investment.

Actually he had no right even to mention these various projects, since the firm of T. Stanley Clarke and Son, Limited, had nothing whatever to do with them.

He only made use of them in the course of his opening conversation in order to ensure that the other man would not think that he was only there to induce him to part with money in just plain share deals—in other words, a possible "share-pusher."

In reality, the caller came to his real business with extreme caution.

"Have you heard of 'Red Gold'?" he asked.

The Exeter man replied that he had not. The visitor smiled and retorted politely that he was not surprised, as "only a select few had so far heard of it."

Red gold

From this point a rich and glamorous story was unfolded about the "Red Gold Mine" of Ontario, which was rich in ore, and, although only yet in an early stage of development, was producing tons and tons per month.

The famous Norunda Mine, which was adjacent to the "Red Gold," was drying fast, and everything pointed to the fact that unheard-of profits would be made for the "little syndicate" which, in conjunction with the firm of T. Stanley Clarke and Son, Limited, had been wise enough to buy up all the shares in the Canadian concern which owned the "Red Mine."

The combination of the caller's oratory and the romantic and colourful potentialities of "Red Gold," I am sorry to say, completely dazzled my reader. For when the agent bade him a temporary farewell he had a cheque for more than £2,000 in his pocket as an investment towards the great scheme which had been expounded so convincingly.

But the clever salesman was far from satisfied, and followed his initial visit with others.

Further propositions, put forward in the guise of "expert advice," concerned certain "big trust estates" and "capitalisation and investment schemes."

Before this astonishing firm of T. Stanley Clarke and Son, Limited, had finished with its Exeter client it had relieved him of all he possessed in the world—more than £5,000.

Scores of dupes

In scores of cases the same thing has happened.

A widow in Birmingham, for instance, in much the same way parted with £3,000 to finance a deal for reorganising a small mill.

A Leicester ex-soldier handed over £1,500 for stock in a South African company which was to be revived.

Another, a retired doctor living at Swansea, was induced to put up £3,500 in a "Trust Fund" which had for its ostensible object the financing of certain important concessions in Portugal.

And so I could go on, giving, with an almost wearisome reiteration, case after case where, in this audacious and almost incredible way, people in all parts of the country have handed tens of thousands of pounds, in the aggregate, to this "Advisory Service" for advice which, as I now propose to show, has proved costly in the extreme.

In the first place Mr. Frederick Arthur Burton, and those who joined him in his plundering campaign, has never had any facilities with which to carry out the vast commitments he entered into with his various clients.

And quite a lot of the money collected through the firm of T. Stanley Clarke and Son, Limited, has not even been applied for the various and specific purposes for which the dupes imagined it would be.

I happen to know that, during the last few months of the operations of this company, between £50,000 and £60,000 has been obtained from clients.

Not a small proportion of it has gone into the pockets of certain people, including Mr. Burton, which doubtless explains why he was able to live in such luxury at one of London's leading hotels.

Amazing claims

Recently the enterprising Burton and his leading associates, following the arrival of bailiffs and an increasing stream of threatening creditors and victims, decided to disperse!

And, with Burton's departure from his luxurious London hotel, it is not surprising to discover that the City of London Police are now being inundated with complaints from wretched people who, through accepting the "expert advice" of this fraudulent advisory service, have in many cases been absolutely ruined.

I have learnt that some of the people who assisted Burton in this wicked swindle have been associated with dubious enterprises for years.

What is to be the sequel to this present victimisation of the British public? There can be only one.

The law of this country is that, if a man takes money in trust for a specific purpose, and if he applies it to his own or other uses, he has been guilty of fraudulent conversion, the penalty for which is penal servitude.

The issue, then, is clear.

The authorities must move. This cruel and calculated swindle must be investigated thoroughly in the criminal courts.

FINAL CLEARANCE OFFERS
SMASHING REDUCTIONS
50% OFF

4ft. WARDROBE, DRESSING TABLE, CUPBOARD CHEST, FULL DOUBLE BEDSTEAD, COIL SPRING and OVERLAY REDUCED FROM 16 GNS.

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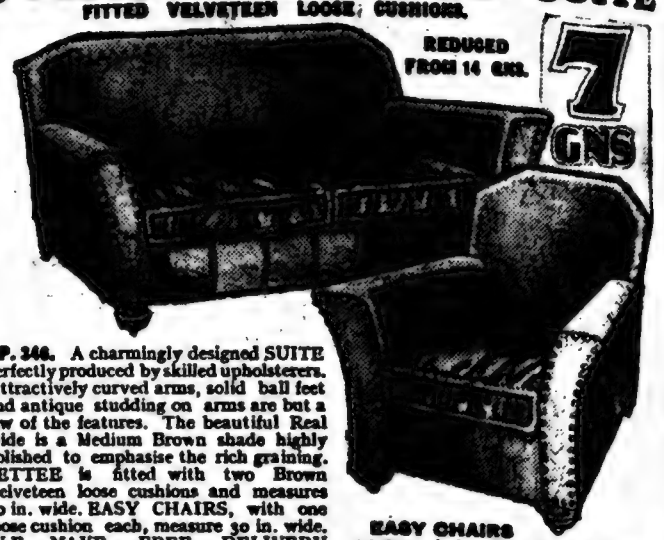
No. M.402.—Beautifully made throughout in selected Figured Oak, polished a rich Medium Brown. The Handsome 4 ft. **WARDROBE** with superb panelled front has **Plate Mirror** on inside of door and is fitted **Hanger Rail, Shelf and Hooks.** The solidly built **Dressing Table** has triple Frameless Mirrors with deep Centre swing mirror and five Drawers. Millinery **Cupboard** has deep Cupboard fitted with shelf and useful drawer. Full Double **Bedstead** has superbly grained Oak panelled ends, and is supplied complete with Coil Spring Mattress and well filled Overlay. **We Make Free Delivery England & Wales.**

PRICE INCLUDES THIS BEDSTEAD with COIL SPRING AND OVERLAY.

EXTENSIVE WAREHOUSE REORGANISATION COMPELS THIS SACRIFICE OF HIGH-GRADE FURNITURE SUITES AT ENORMOUS PRICE REDUCTIONS. CALL AND INSPECT THESE BARGAINS FOR YOURSELF—OR POST YOUR ORDER NOW—WHILE PRICES ARE AT THEIR LOWEST!

3-PIECE REAL HIDE SUITE

FITTED VELVETEEN LOOSE CUSHIONS.



S.P. 346. A charmingly designed SUITE perfectly produced by skilled upholsterers. Attractively curved arms, solid ball feet and antique studding on arms are but a few of the features. The beautiful Real Hide is a Medium Brown shade highly polished to emphasise the rich graining. SETTEE is fitted with two Brown Velveteen loose cushions and measures 50 in. wide. EASY CHAIRS, with one loose cushion each, measure 30 in. wide. WE MAKE FREE DELIVERY ENGLAND AND WALES.

EASY CHAIRS separately, £2.2.0 each SETTEE separately, £3.3.0

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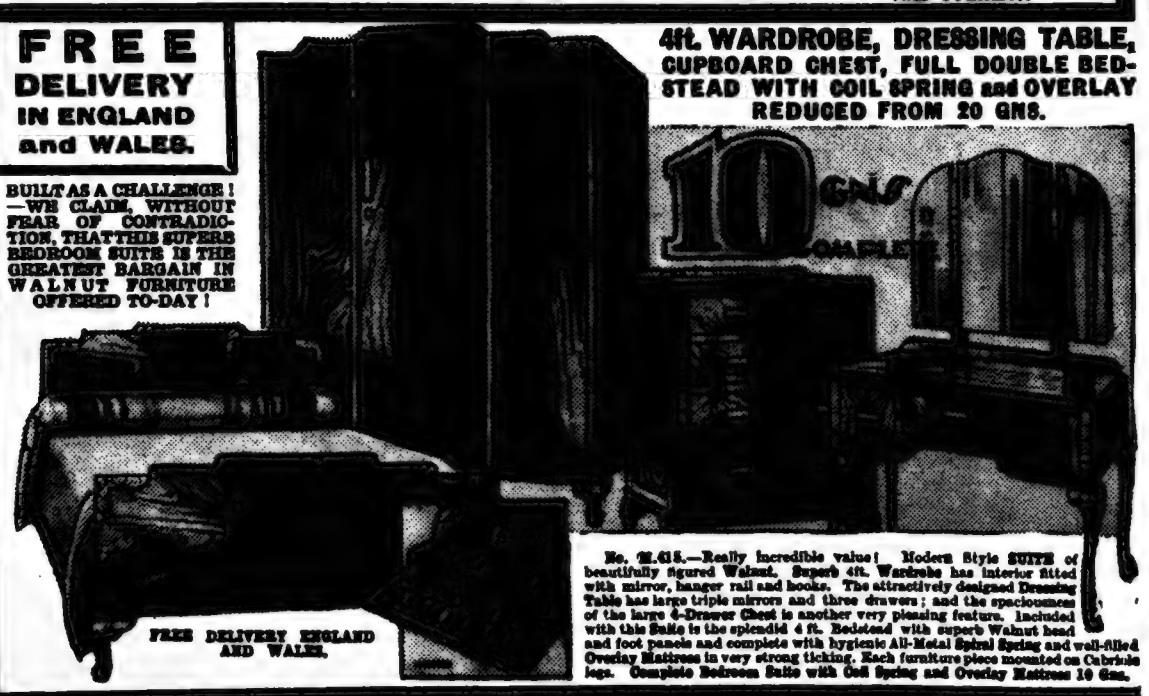
4ft. WARDROBE, DRESSING TABLE, CUPBOARD CHEST, FULL DOUBLE BEDSTEAD WITH COIL SPRING and OVERLAY REDUCED FROM 20 GNS.



No. M.415.—Really incredible value! Modern Style **SUITE** of beautifully figured Walnut. Superb 4ft. Wardrobe has interior fitted with mirror, hanger rail and hooks. The attractively designed Dressing Table has large triple mirrors and three drawers; and the spaciousness of the large 4-Drawer Chest is another very pleasing feature. Included with this Suite is the splendid 4 ft. Bedstead with superb Walnut head and foot panels and complete with hygienic All-Metal Spiral Spring and well-filled Overlay Mattress in very strong ticking. Each furniture piece mounted on Cabriole legs. Complete Bedroom Suite with Coil Spring and Overlay Mattress 10 Gns.

3-PIECE BED-SETTEE SUITE IN TAPESTRY

No. S.P. 416.—Attractive modern style Bed-Settee **SUITES**, perfectly upholstered in hard-wearing Tweed Tapestries. The Settee is easily converted in a few moments by a few simple operations into a double bed measuring 72 ins. x 54 ins. Easy Chairs measure 30 ins. wide, seat depth 23 ins.
ALSO IN REXINE AND VELOUR
3-PIECE BED-SETTEE SUITE 7 GNS.
Free Delivery England and Wales.

2-PIECE SUITE 5½ GNS COMPLETE

3ft. FITTED 'ROBE, DRESSING TABLE, 2-DRAWER CHEST AND BEDSTEAD

5 GNS COMPLETE
Showing interior of 'Robe.
REDUCED FROM 11 GNS.
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BEDSTEAD IS FITTED WITH COIL SPRING AND OVERLAY.

A SMALL DEPOSIT WILL SECURE. *Goods stored Free until required.*

No. S.P. 421.—A fully fitted **'ROBE** is the principal feature of this attractive and well built 3 ft. **BEDROOM SUITE.** Richly grained Oak, finished a warm Jacobean Brown, has been used throughout, finished with a brilliant polish. The Wardrobe fitments include four deep shelves, boot and shoe rails, and sliding hanger rail, inside of door is fitted with large **MIRROR**, 2 ft. 6 in. **DRESSING TABLE** has swing mirror and two drawers. 2 ft. 6 in. **DRESSING CHEST** has two drawers. **3ft. COMBINATION OAK BEDSTEAD** complete with Coil Spring and Overlay Mattress. The 6 pieces perfectly constructed and finished. 5 Gns.

SUPERB OAK DINING SUITE COMPLETE WITH 4 CHAIRS

No. S.P. 407.—A solidly constructed **DINING ROOM SUITE** of fine proportions and high-grade workmanship. 6 soundly constructed pieces for only 4½ Gns. **REALLY AMAZING VALUE. SIDEBOARD** in figured Oak with 2 drawers, 2 large cupboards, 4 ft. wide. **FOUR OAK DINING CHAIRS**, drop-in seats covered in Rexine. **DRAW-LEAF TABLE**, 2 ft. 6 in. sq., opening to 4 ft. 6in. by 2 ft. 6 in.
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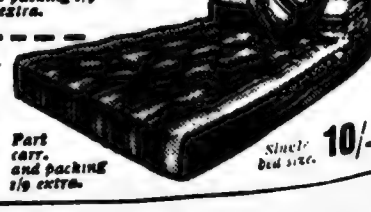
FILLED LINSEY FLOCK

No. 803.—Covered best quality ticking. Filled special hygienically treated, high grade Linsey Flock. Will give lasting and satisfactory service. Usually 20/-
4ft.6in., 4ft. or 4ft.6in. size.

10/- *Part carr. and packing 1/9 extra.*

3ft. OVERLAY SET
235 ONLY.
LINSEY FLOCK BED SETS.



No. 785 CD. Complete with full-size Bolster and Pillow. Superior quality Tick and hygienic Linsey Flock filling, 10/-.
3 ft. size. Usually 19/6.

Part carr. and packing 1/9 extra.

Single bed size. **10/-**

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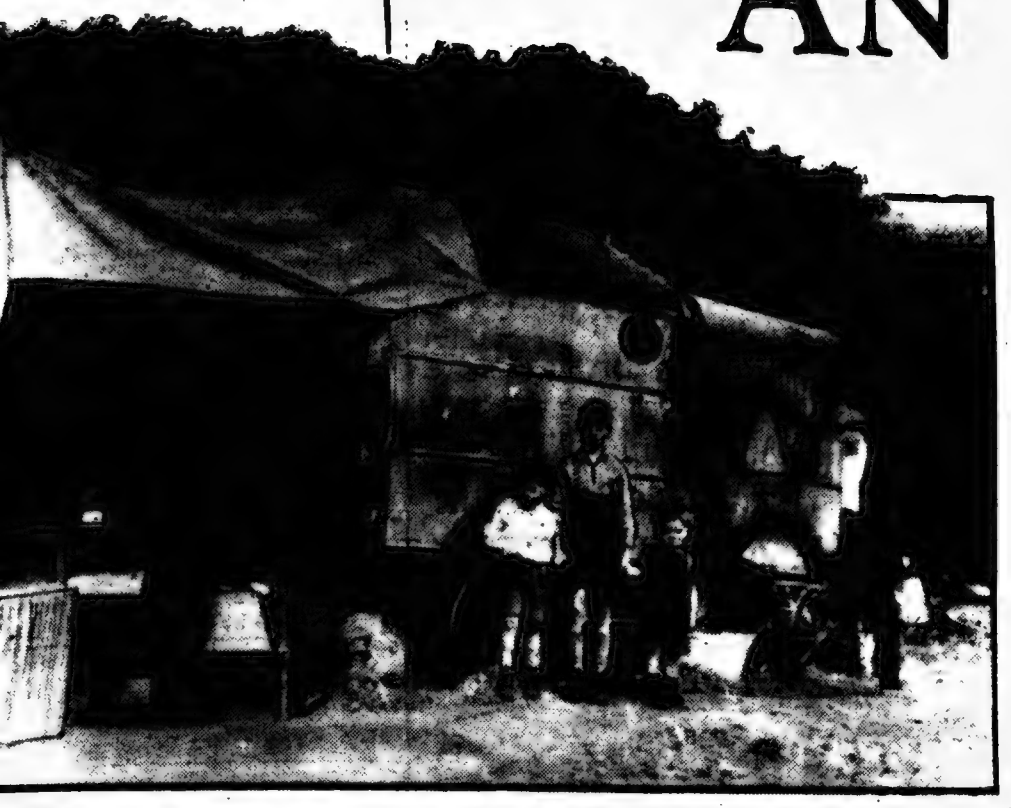
BOLSOMS

Props.: BOLSOM BROS. (1928) LTD.

AN OUTCAST FAMILY OF SEVEN

VICTIMS OF SLUM CLEARANCE SCHEME



IVILISATION has its champions, but things happen in Britain which would not be tolerated by a tribe of savages in wildest Africa.

Wrexham, like most towns, present time has a slum clearance , and, like most of these schemes, sirable.

the working of this scheme has e unfortunate effect of reducing mily to living conditions which disgrace to humanity.

victims are Mr. and Mrs. Cavies eir five children, the youngest of s a boy of two, while the eldest irteen-year-old girl. They are at living in a makeshift shelter five feet high by as many feet nd twelve feet long.

dwelling is, in fact, made up of andoned Royal Mail vans, which een converted into a rude shelter. , by any stretch of imagination, ightly describe it as a home.

conditions in which the Cavies are now existing is not due to eing unable to pay their rent, but they were turned out of a house had been condemned for clear-

Brave effort

cent inspection of the Cavies' which is situated in a field at on, near Wrexham, was a on.

Cavies, who is an unemployed r, had just returned from obtain- supply of coal to replenish the ntained in a perforated bucket outside this crazy abode. This fire is the only means of cooking ily meals!

lve children were huddled up for inside the mail vans while the nd rain blew through the seven s windows above their heads.

parents have made a brave effort nd their accommodation by the n of a canvas canopy connecting ns, but this affords little real on from the wind and the rain.

events which have compelled mily to seek a refuge in this habitation will fill many people dignation.

avies, his wife and children, lived me at Penycae, on the outskirts xham, but in September of last ey were offered a two-roomed n Poplar Road, Wrexham, which re glad to accept at a rental of a week.

family occupied the house in Road until January this year, they moved into a four-roomed near by.

They had been in occupation for only a short period when they were bluntly informed that the house in which they were living was to be demolished under the slum-clearance scheme.

Mr. Cavies insists that he was not told when he took the house that it had been scheduled for demolition.

Naturally the problem of finding another home for his family was difficult. Try as he would he could find no other suitable accommodation. When a man has the misfortune to be on the "Dole" it is practically impossible for him to get a house or lodgings for his family.

Dumb despair

In these circumstances the Cavies family remained in the condemned house as long as possible, for the obvious reason that they had nowhere else to go.

The rent was always paid regularly, but there came a day when the gas and water were cut off in readiness for demolition, and on August 8 a Wrexham Corporation official knocked on the front door and demanded possession of the house by noon.

Useless to argue, for Mr. and Mrs. Cavies were in a helpless position. With dumb despair written on their faces, they carried all their furniture and personal belongings out into the street, where it remained for many hours.

The Corporation officials, who had watched the slow procession of this removal from the house to the road, had only one suggestion to make. This was that the Cavies family should go to a lodging-house, where they would have to pay ten shillings a week rent for one room! The impracticability of such a suggestion to an unemployed labourer with a family of five need scarcely be stressed.

After a protracted search for a home and a roof to shelter their children, the harassed parents eventually discovered the derelict mail vans in which they are now living.

Children's tears

And even for this ramshackle shelter they pay a rent of three shillings a week!

The first few nights the younger children cried to go upstairs to bed, oblivious of the fact that there was no upstairs to the mail vans which were now their home.

For many weeks past this family have lived under these primitive conditions. There is no sanitary accommodation. Parents and children are compelled to sleep together without the slightest degree of comfort.

The only water supply is a well three hundred yards away.

In bad weather they are at the mercy of the wind and the rain.

No officials of the Wrexham Council have called to enquire about the well-being or the reverse of the family in their new home. But a kind-hearted inspector of the N.S.P.C.C. has promised to do what he can to find them a suitable home.

"This is enough to break my wife's heart," said Mr. Cavies to a recent caller. "That our children should suffer the hardships of living in such conditions is enough to make a man's blood boil.

"I can afford to pay anything up to nine shillings a week rent, but I can find nowhere decent to live.

"Even when I have been out of work I have always paid my rent."

This was undoubtedly true, for the rent-book proved it; there are no arrears of rent outstanding.

This man, who has served his country in time of need, is unemployed through no fault of his own. Like thousands of others, he is a member of the great army of unwanted industrial workers.

He served ten years in the South Lancashire Regiment and was twice wounded during the war.

Mr. Cavies is willing to pay a reasonable rent, but all his efforts to find a house have failed, largely because he has the misfortune to be unemployed.

It has been stated that as the Cavies family went into their last house after the demolition order had been granted, they were outside the Council's re-housing scheme.

Cut the red tape!

This seems a weak defence, for if the house had been condemned why were they allowed to take up occupation?

Whatever the legal aspects of the case may be from the local Council's point of view, it is obvious that swift action should be taken to house this unfortunate family in a suitable manner.

They cannot be condemned to live in the appalling conditions in which they now find themselves.

If official red tape is responsible for their plight, then the red tape must be ruthlessly broken.

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

SELF-FEAR

A NOT infrequent mental and moral problem is that of the man or woman who has got into a morbid state of mind through worrying about hostile opinion. So many cases of the kind have been brought to my attention within the past forty years that I have become well accustomed to them and do not now treat them as seriously as I did when I was younger.

That the persons who have fallen victim to this particular form of trouble feel it deeply and are made chronically unhappy thereby is true enough, but it is usually hard to get them to see that the worst part of the trouble is in themselves.

It may be pure delusion, or it may not; but in either case it is the sufferer's own attitude that makes it specially painful and difficult to cure.

When one hears such a complaint as "I know that people are talking against me," or "I feel that lies are being circulated concerning me," one can be almost certain that there is nothing in it. Doctors will tell you that one of the first signs of a jangled brain is the fixed idea of being watched by unfriendly eyes or being pursued by malignant persecution.

* * *

I think, however, that a pre-disposing cause of the disorder in nearly every instance is self-centredness. To be always thinking about yourself and your reputation is to be not far from madness.

To any person with a tendency to magnify and brood over supposed slights and slanders I would say: We all know well enough that many people do take pleasure in idle gossip and maligning their neighbours; but it is not likely that you are any more the subject of their ill-will than anyone else, and there is nothing more foolish than to make yourself miserable about it.

There are two things to remember in this connection. First, you are sure to attract malicious attention if you are on the look-out for it and show that you are nervously on edge about it. Unkind people are like animals in this, that they are most ready to hurt where they see that they are feared.

If you are hyper-sensitive about pin-pricks you will get more of them than if you are not. To squirm under insults is to invite them.

* * *

But, secondly, if you are good-natured and friendly without wearing your heart on your sleeve people will like you; they will be too busy with their own concerns to bother much about yours or to spend time in picking holes in your character.

The less notice you take of unpleasant remarks the fewer they will be, and if you are not anxiously suspicious about what may be going on behind your back, it will seldom be bad enough to be worth combating.

Some people are too much alone, and others not alone enough. In the one case they are apt to view their fellow-creatures as enemies because they don't see enough of them to learn to love them; in the other everything is viewed out of proportion because the strain of dealing with other wills is never relaxed and there is no peace and quietness.

The remedy in each case is the same, but differently applied. Get away from yourself.

Go forth from yourself to take your part in helping the world along. Withdraw from the world a little to find yourself and understand better how you can serve the world.

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TURN to Bolsoms Sale announcement on p. 14. This offer is crowded with wonderful bargains.

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EVERY reader of *John Bull* is invited to write to F. Hodgson & Sons (Dept. J.B.) Woodsley Road, Leeds, for a copy of their new illustrated Bargain Sale Catalogue of Carpets, Rugs, Blankets, Bedding, etc., offered at low warehouse prices. This offer appears in advt. on p. 27.

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IF RUPTURED turn to advt. of Blunden Surgical Appliance Co., Ltd. on page 3.

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Mystery Woman who ARMS Criminals

Crooks are ready to pay huge prices for firearms — and there is a woman who is more than willing to supply them

BEHIND the announcement which appeared in the general Press a few days ago that a woman named Mrs. Jean Letitia Laidlaw had disappeared from her home in the West End of London, lies a remarkable story.

The missing woman, whose real name is Jean Freedman Laidlaw, is a beautiful and cultured adventuress who, among other things, poses as the daughter of a wealthy titled man and professes to own considerable property in this country and abroad.

Until a week or two ago she was the master mind behind a queer business called Laidlaw and Laidlaw, which had headquarters at 48, Maddox Street, London. This business was described as "Estate Agents—Flat, House and Guest Agency," but from enquiries we have made it would appear that its operations were of a far wider and more varied character.

At the Maddox Street office, and her flat in Baker Street, Marylebone, she seemed as busy and as businesslike as usual, and gave her friends not the slightest hint that she was leaving town.

Gun-running

Suddenly she disappeared, and all efforts to trace her have failed. Enquiries in all parts of the country by friends, and by Scotland Yard detectives acting under Superintendent Yandell, have been unavailing.

We have established the fact that she took out a passport a few days before her disappearance, and sailed within a few hours of deserting her Maddox Street office for Belgium.

Some of the anxious enquiries which have since been made for her relate to a number of disillusioned people, in different walks of life, who have been sadly victimised at her hands.

Whilst, in the guise of Laidlaw and Laidlaw, she was supposedly engaged in a number of estate, property and mortgage deals we can reveal that for some time this woman has been associated with secret gun-running ventures.

With crimes of violence on the increase, and the fact that criminals who nowadays carry weapons are willing to pay high prices for them, there is a growing market in the underworld for the sale of arms, and Mrs. Laidlaw had begun to exploit it with keenness and ability.

Secret arsenals

Clever though she undoubtedly is, as will be clear from the details we shall give of the various phases of her career, she was not too clever for the police. Information reached Marylebone Lane detectives that she was employing agents to dispose of all kinds of weapons, and she and several of her associates were kept under observation.

A flat in the Highgate district and an office in George Street, Hanover Square, W., engaged official attention. Observation was continued at both places for several days. Presently came the evidence that small arsenals were maintained at both.

Discovery followed discovery.

Two very shady individuals, named Samuel Keene and Henry James, were found to be in tenancy of the George Street office.

They were the joint proprietors of a dubious business, about which the police had received complaints, called "The Universal Advice Service."

This "Service" purported to give legal and financial advice to all and sundry in return for "suitably arranged" fees, but actually catered mostly for crooks.

Both Keene and James, it was found, were associates of criminals—in fact, one of their clients was a man who had been arrested for housebreaking and with shooting with intent to murder!

The police net closed swiftly now. A self-confessed criminal made an appointment with these two men and offered to buy some of their firearms. Keene and James fell into a neatly laid trap, for their visitor was a police officer in disguise!

Meanwhile, a raid was made at the George Street office, and one of the biggest arsenals—as has been reported elsewhere—was discovered.

Mrs. Laidlaw promptly disappeared, leaving Keene and James to face the music alone. Both are now in jail.

During her prolonged absence, complaints of all kinds are reaching the police about her. One is from a retired squadron-leader who, in response to an advertisement which appeared in a daily paper for a partner willing to invest capital profitably, met Mrs. Laidlaw at her Maddox Street office.

Charming, crooked

She told him the most encouraging stories about the wide scope of her business, talked airily of deals running into anything from £10,000 to £50,000, and produced documents in support of her statements which were worth nothing more than the paper on which they were written.

The ex-squadron leader parted with many hundreds of pounds. Almost immediately he discovered that Mrs. Laidlaw was as crooked as she was charming, for there was little work of any real importance to do. He demanded his money back in due course, but without success.

Other people, we find, have parted with money in the same sort of way, and have, likewise, suffered complete loss.

Men who have worked on a commission basis with this engaging but dangerous woman in effecting mortgage and property deals, have been left without their earnings once the work has been completed and the cheques in payment cashed by Mrs. Laidlaw.

Numerous firms of brokers, estate agents, business transfer agents, and the like, who have carried out work for her, have been left to whistle for their money in the same way.

Creditors, including firms from whom she has obtained some of the choice clothes she wore to such advantage, have been pursuing her for months.

And just prior to her disappearance Mrs. Laidlaw was distributing dishonoured cheques with her customary air of indifference and calm. Even small creditors have been cheated in this way. One is a man who did work for her in connection with a mortgage she undertook to raise on certain property. Though his fee amounted to a few pounds, the cheque came back "R. D."

Colourful career

Looking into her past career, we find much colourful material. On one occasion she was mixed up with one of the biggest and worst gangs of financial plunderers ever known to Scotland Yard.

Superintendent Askew, of Scotland Yard, spent more than a year in unravelling their complicated ramifications, which extended all over the country.

Scores of people were fleeced.

One of her most impudent swindles was carried out in connection with a firm called Pitts, Tucker and Company, Limited—a title concocted from the honoured name of one of the most reputable firms of solicitors in practice.

Mrs. Laidlaw was the dominant figure in the affairs of Pitts, Tucker and Company, Limited, which was supposed to own, control and administer estates in various parts of the land.

With the assistance of two rogues named Popham and White, who have prison records, Mrs. Laidlaw secured numerous investors by false stories as to her firm's alleged stability and shared the heavy proceeds with her confederates.

Many of her dupes were caught in her net because they believed she was the daughter of a titled man, heiress, and the owner of valuable properties in Mayfair.

In the dock

Another colourful phase in the remarkable career of this pretty and accomplished woman was when she acted as the proprietress of a fashionable night club in London's West End.

The club was eventually closed down by the police and Mrs. Laidlaw convicted for permitting illegal drinking on the premises.

On one occasion she found herself in the dock at the Old Bailey, where she was charged with fraud and conspiracy, as the result of which she was sent by Judge Holman Gregory to Holloway Jail for a well-earned spell.

In this case she pleaded guilty. The judge said she was wise to do so.

Had she not done so her sentence might have been a heavier one.

The Human Machine

KEEPING IT UP

ONE of the most striking phenomena of the present day is that people are not nearly as old as they used to be thirty or forty years ago! That is to say, people don't grow old as quickly as they used to.

People of forty and fifty, instead of being old men and old women, tired of life and weary of the world and its cares, are mentally young and vigorous, alert and interested and quite definitely young.

The very hustle and bustle of modern life is one of the main causes of this middle-aged youthfulness.

People complain that we are living faster and faster—but the very ones who complain are among those whose mental youth is being preserved by the fact that their brains are being bustled about instead of being allowed to vegetate and rust away!

What has really happened is that we have nearly all of us learned a great psychological lesson in recent years, perhaps without really being conscious of it, but we have learned it just the same—we have learned that the way to keep mentally plastic, mentally youthful, and mentally alive and alert is to keep abreast of the world and its doings.

The younger generation is no longer regarded by the older as queer or fast or beyond understanding. It is regarded, rather, as enterprising and interesting and understandable, and this very definite change of outlook is an elixir of youth for those whose own youth is passing or has passed.

For our capacity to live and to learn is our capacity to grow. When we stop learning we stop living. We must always be sending out new roots or we wither away. Single-track minds are minds that are already on the wane.

The way we think will eventually be the way we behave. If we think forward, think hopefully, think optimistically and think enthusiastically we cannot help keeping our mental youth. If we grow old prematurely we have only ourselves to blame.

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LAWRENCE TIBBETT (Baritone)—Myself when young (*Liza Lehmann*). ("In a Persian Garden"). None but the lonely heart (*Tchaikovsky*). DA1383 4/-

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Issued by Cohen, Weenen & Co., Ltd.

£900 Won In Crossword Competition No. 272.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following nineteen competitors, who share the £580 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £34 4s. 3d. will be sent.

M. Farrell, 198, Denions Green Lane, St. Helens, Lancs.
W. Foulkes, c/o 58, Cromford Road, Langley Mill, Notts.
A. S. Garratt, School House, Bardon Hill, nr. Leicester.
C. Hyde, Lloyds Bank Sports Club, Beckenham, S.E.
J. E. Jeffcock, 28, Burnley Road, King Cross, Halifax.
R. W. Joyce, 325, Lower Kimmage Road, Dublin.
H. Lemon, 16, Rook Street, Barnoldswick.
L. R. Mallet, 49, Windmill Road, Croydon.
Mr. Maltby, 43, Raby Street, Tinsley, Sheffield.
G. Moss, 13, Clegg Street, Macclesfield.
P. S. Niemann, 33, 15th Avenue, New Wortley, Leeds.
A. W. Penfield, 17, Cavendish Avenue, Gillingham, Kent.
H. Pickup, 38, Maple Street, Great Harwood.
H. Riley, 13, Minnie Street, Bolton.
K. Rudd, Briarfield, Eaglescliffe, Co. Durham.
Mrs. E. A. Sayer, Elspeth, Addiscombe Road, Christchurch, Hants.
E. M. Story, 117, Ennerdale Road, Northampton.
A. Whyte, 124, Bermondsey Street, London, S.E.1.
A. Winter, 17, Walton Terrace, New Brancepeth, Durham.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, September 18, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners up. This Prize has been divided between 196 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive 15s. 4d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 270.—Thirty-three competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £3 0s. 3d. have been despatched.

An Amazing New X-word Radio Offer, with a first prize of a Life Pension of £2 a week and £250 Cash, or an increased lump sum of £350, a unique offer of a £10 10s. "Cossor" Radio Set to every winner of £5 or over and £200 to be divided between Runners-up appears on page 36. Try your skill now!

Company Promoter's IMPUDENT FIRE CLAIM

IT is time that Mr. Abraham Hershorn, of Bishopsgate, London, E.C., and elsewhere, was given a little salutary publicity in the public interest. And in devoting space this week to some of his recent activities we do not propose to mince words.

Mr. Abraham Hershorn is a man with a very bad commercial reputation; and one of his most audacious exploits concerns a fire claim, the details of which are astounding to a degree. Over a period of years he has been actively associated with a number of companies which have brought disaster to numerous creditors; and in some cases he has been concerned with ventures which have ended very ingloriously.

Since April, 1932, Hershorn has been the leading light of a remarkable company called Gallé Gowns, Ltd. His was the controlling mind throughout its career and there is not the slightest doubt that his dominating influence in the administration of the company's affairs has been responsible for causing untold distress.

Dramatic change

The formation of Gallé Gowns, Ltd., came about in a very interesting way. Prior to its promotion, a reputable trader had a retail business at High Street, Watford, with two other local addresses and two other branches at St. Albans and Luton. Mrs. Lily Hershorn, wife of the aforesaid Abraham—who is also known as Lena Hershorn, Mrs. Lena Norman and "Normelle"—had supplied this man with goods.

The latter, whose trading name was D. and M. Wear, got into this woman's debt, and he was forced by way of a compromise to consent to a reconstruction scheme.

As the result of this D. and M. Wear was turned into a limited liability company called D. and M. Wear, Ltd., and within a few days of this development taking place, a debenture on all the company's assets passed to Mrs. Hershorn

An uneventful period, which lasted only a month or two, passed. Then a further dramatic stage in the Hershorn interests was reached. Under the powers of her debenture Mrs. Hershorn appointed a receiver, and the company was later wound up compulsorily.

At this point Gallé Gowns, Ltd., came into prominence. With an authorised capital of £2,000, the bulk of the shares passing to Abraham, husband of Lena Hershorn, it took over the business and shops belonging to the D. and M. Wear Company, and proceeded to carry them on as usual. In other words, the old D. and M. Wear business was redressed—touched up with a bright new name, and now run under the distinguished guidance of Abraham Hershorn, whose connection with any venture is sufficient to have it blacklisted in the textile trade.

If any clients looked for a rapid improvement in the company's affairs they were to be disillusioned. The gifted hands and abilities of the new controllers failed to make any revolutionary changes in the destinies of Gallé Gowns, Ltd., late D. and M. Wear, Ltd., late D. and M. Wear.

Photo: British International Films

The public knew Galle Gowns, Ltd., as an exclusive fashion-house,—like this. But its inner history was far more dramatic

Disaster

In fact, Gallé Gowns, Ltd., had not been in existence very long before creditors were finding it a somewhat difficult task to get payment for goods supplied.

Then a disaster occurred at the premises occupied by Gallé Gowns, Ltd., at 56, High Street, Watford. In due course a claim was made by Abraham Hershorn on the Licenses and General Insurance Co., Ltd., of Moorgate, London, for £3,848 for stock destroyed and general loss caused by the fire.

After certain inquiries had been made the insurance company refused to pay, and Abraham Hershorn brought an action in the High Courts before Mr. Justice Branson and a special jury in the hope of securing the payment, or some part of it, which had been refused.

When the case came before the court a most dramatic thing happened. Abraham Hershorn, the life and soul of this remarkable company, decided not to face the box. His decision was all the more startling because, in its defence, the insurance company had made some very grave allegations against his personal honour and commercial integrity.

His past

Yet, despite all this, Hershorn—who alone could have dealt fully with the unpleasant allegations made against him—kept out of the witness-box although he was in court throughout the whole of the hearing of his case.

Had he decreed otherwise, it can be safely surmised that a wealth of illuminating disclosures would have been wrung from him in cross-examination. As it was, Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., for the insurance company, extracted from other witnesses a mass of information about the strangely reticent Abraham's commercial history.

It is illuminating to find that he has been known by several other names, which include Abe. Gershgorn, J. Jacobs and P. Abbott, and that he has been associated with many companies which have ended in disaster.

The most glaring revelation that can be made about him is that although his real name is actually Abraham Gershgorn, he signed the insurance proposal form in the assumed name of "A. Hershorn," thus concealing from the insurance company his real identity.

Well, witness-box or no witness-box, Mr. Abraham Hershorn lost his case, or, at least, Gallé Gowns, Ltd., of which he was the guiding light, lost its case. And the costs of the action were awarded against the latter company.

From what we know about Mr. Abraham Hershorn we do not think the jury could have come to any other verdict than that his proposal concealed or misrepresented any fact which it was material the insurance company should know.

The insurance company would never have for a moment dreamed of effecting a policy if Hershorn had applied for one in his own name.

We can reveal that he is a member of a notorious family which for years besmirched the commercial reputation of the City of London.

Davenport, Ltd., Louvre (London), Ltd., are two of the concerns with which he was associated, and both failed with heavy losses for their creditors.

As far back as 1905 he was first made bankrupt, in the name of Goldstein. It was seven years later before he managed to obtain his discharge.

Several judgments have been registered against him—in one case even over a dishonoured cheque for £75. Another judgment for £635 led to a further bankruptcy.

On one occasion, as the result of his operations in connection with a company, misfeasance proceedings were brought against him.

The position of his latest venture, Gallé Gowns, Ltd., is a pretty dismal one to-day. Creditors, tired of waiting in vain for money due for goods supplied, recently decided to press the company into bankruptcy.

Mix-up

Liabilities to creditors now amount to nearly £10,000. The total deficiency account stands at the figure of £18,596. Against this is the proud sum of £61 by way of assets, which is all there is, apart from "Cash at Bank, 18s. 11d.," to liquidate the "preferential" debts!

One interesting item in the list of creditors is "Mrs. L. Norman." This is, in other words, Mrs. Lena Hershorn, the wife of Abraham.

And, perhaps to mix up things a little more, there appears also as a creditor for £355, "Mrs. L. Hershorn."

She, too, as the landlady of one of the establisnments occupied by this disastrous company, was the person who distrained on the furniture when she was unable to collect the rent! A strange position, surely, when we find a wife putting the brokers in her husband's business!

In view of these facts it is plain that there must be a complete and thorough investigation of the affairs of Gallé Gowns, Ltd. The Official Receiver has already stated that, from the facts already before him, the failure of the company was brought about by "mismanagement."

Some of the creditors could find a harder word than that.

And so could we!

STACKING *the* CARDS

THE "Plotmaker," claimed to be a wonderful invention of world-wide popularity, is being advertised by F. Bescoby, described as a publisher, of Selsdon, Croydon, Surrey.

According to his announcement, the idea is simplicity itself. It will not only afford unlimited ideas to fiction writers at a moment's notice, but will result in their receiving more cheques.

A postal order for 2s. 9d. has produced for a Yorkshire reader a pack of cards, which, Mr. Bescoby instructs, should be well shuffled before eight are drawn at random.

The basis for an excellent short story is declared to be the result.

But since the proof of the pudding is necessarily to be found in the eating, we forthwith narrate the results of three careful tests.

The first of these yields "a reporter," "a crowd," "a singer," the "moor," the "enemy," the "spinster," the "prince of adventurers," and—dramatic climax, the "iron grip."

Reshuffled, the cards which cost our reader 2s. 9d. reveal "a cellar," the "hour of midnight," the "ghost," and then "Madam X," followed by the "student prince," "murder," a gentleman called "Captain Lash," and finally "blackmail."

In the third test, nevertheless, the Fate which governs Mr. Bescoby's story-making idea tends more towards the romantic.

We are now taken to "a dance," there is "a girl," "a country lane," the "last warning," the "silent house," the "dining-room," and then suddenly, "the telephone bell rings," in "Chinatown."

Upon Bescoby's calculations, these plots are now ready—there are three stories to write. Apparently, he is quite convinced that his invention is as important to authors as pens and typewriters.

It is strange, therefore, that he should prefer to peddle his ingenious plot-making idea through the post instead of keeping it to himself.

Write to
JOHN BULL
About It!

GREAT SEASIDE SCANDAL

***DID YOU KNOW** that if you bathe in the sea anywhere around the coasts of England you are a trespasser?*

The Crown owns all foreshores, the space between low and high water mark, the space in which you bathe. You have a legal right to fish or navigate, but you have none to bathe or paddle or walk the sands when the tide is out.

On this fact, and on the fact that the Crown is parting with its foreshore rights, is based a new seaside racket which is mulcting holiday makers of thousands of pounds.

Golden sands . . . but spécially golden for a few people who have seen their chance and are taking it!

HUNDREDS of miles of Britain's loveliest sea coast, her pleasantest, quietest, stretches of beach and cliff are being taken from the free use and enjoyment of the public.

If winter frosts and gales break down a few hundred yards of cliff there is immediately an uproar about it. The newspapers feature the occurrence in picture and headline. There are questions asked in the House of Commons, money is voted for sea defence, and there is much talk about "our vanishing coastline."

But for every yard the sea takes, a mile has probably been taken by human beings to the detriment or expense of their fellow-countrymen. This other erosion has proceeded silently. You will look in vain for any comment on it in Press or Parliament.

Two years ago, in a leading article, JOHN BULL first drew attention to the onslaught, which was then being made by speculators, "kill-joy" landlords and "get-rich-quick" local authorities on the holiday makers' moral right of access to, and free use of the nation's beaches.

Go or pay!

To-day the situation we described has become vastly worse. This year thousands of holiday makers have gone to their favourite coves or creeks or beaches along the coastline, and have found their way barred. They have been forced to "keep off" altogether or else compelled to make wide detours, and then to pay for their bathing or walks in tolls and fees.

Private beach-owning syndicates have grown enormously in number. Lords of the manor by the score are either rediscovering ancient foreshore rights or exercising them as they never did before; and all are reaping a harvest from the misguided holiday maker who thinks that because he is British he owns the sea. And the Government and certain local authorities are joining in the game.

At an East Coast resort you could bathe last year for nothing—as you could all the years before within the memory of man. This year, however, you must pay sixpence before you can have your dip in the North Sea, and all day long this once quiet beach is patrolled by inspectors who enforce the new charges.

The reason is that the local lord of the manor recently succeeded in getting his ancient foreshore rights recognised by the Crown. He then leased these rights to an owner of the beach property, who now gets the lease rent back by making this bathing charge.

Everybody's doing it

The quoted explanation of the lord of the manor for his action in charging for the foreshore use is illuminating. "*Similar charges are being made at other seaside resorts*, and I see no reason why I should not have the benefits of the rights I hold."

This landlord considers himself justified in imposing the new charges for the best of all reasons—because everybody else is doing it. And to judge from reports which come in from all parts of the country he is *amply* justified.

A certain South Coast beach, the foreshore, which has been free of access for generations, has been acquired by a private owner, who has fenced it off and charges an entrance toll.

His explanation, in effect, is: "When I came here the place was uncontrolled. Now I am going to control it, and the people who come here. And I shall do so by charging them so much a head."

Occasionally visitors and local inhabitants at certain resorts, indignant at encroachments on liberties they had assumed for generations, have taken matters into their own hands, and there have been serious breaches of the peace.

For months a battle raged at Cemaes Bay, Anglesey, between the villagers and the lord of the manor who had leased the foreshore to a local council and stopped free access. Beach fencing, notice boards, wire barriers, and poles around newly created parking places were torn down and burnt by angry crowds.

Similar events have taken place on the South Coast at Pett Level, near Hastings, and at villages along the Essex coast.

At Scalspie Bay, Rothesay, trouble is brewing because the lord of the manor has stopped access to the bay to conveyances which formerly brought hundreds of holiday makers for a day by the sea.

Bournemouth residents not long ago banded themselves together to fight the imposition of charges at Shell Bay, a favourite picnic and bathing beach near Poole Harbour.

Rules for sitting

The lord of the manor granted a lease to a ferry company, making such conditions that nobody could land or embark on the beach without using this particular ferry, and a toll charge was to be made both landing and embarking.

At a north-east coast beach, near Whitby, the local authority has acquired the foreshore rights, and has immediately commenced to turn their investment into quick and golden profits.

There is a charge now for bathing and sundry other charges, some of which are interpreted in an almost Gilbertian manner. For instance, you are allowed to sit or lie on the sands when the tide is out, free of charge, provided you interpose nothing between yourself and the sands.

But if you bring your own camp-stool or deckchair you will be stopped. You must pay for one of the Council's deckchairs or be permitted none at all.

While there are dozens of instances where landlords are now fencing off and charging for seaside amenities which were once as free as the waves, there are scores, hundreds even, of places where the holiday maker is being barred completely.

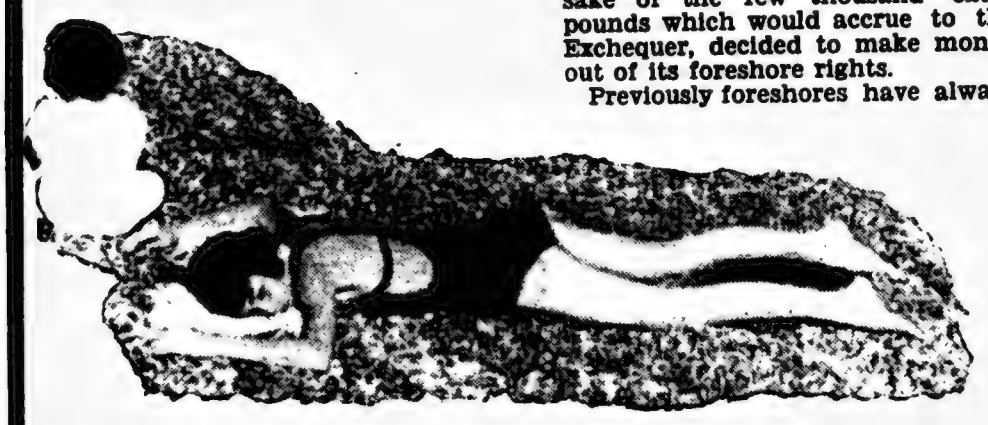
Cornwall is a flagrant example. During the past two or three seasons miles of cliffs and headlands have been enclosed by private owners who have shut up cliff paths and the sloping ways which led to the beaches. On such a precipitous coastline tactics like these mean that the public is virtually excluded from the beaches.

No matter whether the new owner does not hold the foreshore rights—the public cannot reach the foreshore! There have been many miles of Cornish sands this summer which have been completely deserted because of such methods.

A similar wholesale closing of cliff

GOLD-DIGGERS *of the* BEACH

SEASIDE scenes such as this may delude the innocent holiday-maker into thinking that he has a place on the beach by right . . . . . but much has happened recently to explode that fallacy!



paths has taken place during the past year on the Welsh and North-East coasts. At all these places land, particularly cliff land, is still cheap, and a man may acquire a wide domain for what he'd have to pay for only a few acres in more built-up localities.

This buying up is proceeding on an ever-increasing scale, and each sale means that more ways to the beaches are closed.

Other enclosures have taken place because many hereditary owners of coast property are beginning to interpret their "rights" in the narrowest "killjoy" sense.

There is a remedy

On the Devonshire coast is a very beautiful headland leading down to secluded coves. The paths and ways have been used for generations. They are now closed because the owner will not reconcile himself to the fact that the motor-car and cycle now bring hundreds to this place where formerly there were a few score; even though the newcomers are as well behaved, and do no more damage than those who frequented the place before.

There is practically no remedy against this kind of action. "Rights of Way" legislation is complicated and obscure, and it is a difficult and expensive matter to prove that a pathway has been "dedicated to the common use."

Against the speculators and others who are grabbing tracks of beaches, cliffs and foreshores, there is, however, a remedy if the Government and the various local authorities would apply it.

So far, however, both of them seem to be sharing in exploiting the holiday maker.

In 1925 the Government, for the sake of the few thousand extra pounds which would accrue to the Exchequer, decided to make money out of its foreshore rights.

Previously foreshores have always been leased to local authorities at various resorts at a nominal sum of £1 per annum. In 1925 they announced that in future higher rents would be charged, the amount to be based on estimated takings by boatmen and foreshore entertainments.

In some cases this rent is as much as £600-£1,000 a year. It is for this reason that at so many resorts there are now bathing charges where there were none before. At one place on the Thanet coast it now costs as much as 2s. to bathe. "Mackintosh bathing" is not permitted; you must hire a tent for 2s. a half-day and buy a ticket. Beach inspectors, complete with ticket machines, patrol the sands. If you haven't got a ticket you must buy one.

Over eighty resorts must now take "regulating leases" for their foreshores from the Board of Trade and that Department collects the rents. By the end of last year, according to a reply given by Mr. Hore-Belisha in the House of Commons, £14,287 7s. 6d. had been received in rents under the new system. They have, in effect, extracted that money from every bather, charging him a fee now for what has been a moral right of his for over 100 years.

It was in 1821 that a Court case decided that the Crown owned all foreshores, and that the public had no right thereon except for navigation and fishing. The Crown won on the plea that they must have the foreshores for fortifications and works for the protection of the realm. Even so, they won by a hair's-breadth, one judge out of three dissenting.

Drop that sand!

But the *moral* right of the public to resort freely to the foreshores for "air and exercise" has always been accepted till now.

In another way the Government is playing into the hands of the beach speculators, making the way easy for them—and hard for the holiday maker.

The Board of Trade is always willing to sell or lease foreshore rights to private persons providing they can show reasonable cause.

If you tell them that you want to build a landing stage, or put up similar works in front of beach property you have acquired, it is not hard to persuade the Board of Trade to part with the rights. Or if you want to erect sea defences for your property.

According to statements made at the time, a stretch of East Coast foreshore was secured on grounds that sand was being taken away from the foreshore. Actually, a few local farmers had taken away a few cartloads of sand, as they have done for hundreds of years.

He has now the right to stop a child from taking away a bucket of sand from the foreshore if that child's parents have not passed through his toll-gates to the beach. One beach owner on the Welsh coast recently did, in fact, stop children from taking away buckets of sand in order "to assert the property rights."

Only trifling sums are demanded by the Board of Trade for these rights which can be so easily turned into golden profits from the holiday maker.

Out of many scores of such transactions, so many that no official record has been given, only £3,124 had been received by the Government up to December, 1933, from the sale of foreshore rights. That is indeed liberty sold cheaply.

Another cause for the present intolerable situation is the supineness and narrow-visioned thrift of many of the local councils.

The district councils have power to acquire coastal property in their areas under the Planning Acts of 1925. But it is the exception to find them applying their powers. Even while land is dirt cheap they allow private speculators to secure it.

The public's right

An exception—and an example—is the Lindsey (Lincolnshire) Council who recently acquired a 20-mile stretch of sandhills on that coast which has been a favourite resort of thousands of workers from the North Midland towns.

Speculators were establishing themselves on the spot, erecting shacks and cafés, closing beach ways and inflicting tolls.

Other councils are not so active and far-sighted. Even the bigger ones do not have the wit to see that it is the surroundings of a resort, as well as its crowded, commercialised main beaches, which provide its amenities.

But apart from the futile operation of the Planning Acts, a radical change of legislation is needed. The public must have their moral right "to resort for air and exercise" on the foreshores converted into a legal right.

That is a bare minimum and not difficult to achieve. It merely means extending the present right to fish and navigate.

Furthermore, the "rights of way" law should be amended to allow for reasonable access to beaches whoever owns the adjacent coastal property. Coastguard paths, in particular, should not be permitted to be closed. The servants of the Crown have always had the right to use these paths which run all round these islands.

Now that the coastguard have been disbanded the paths are being closed. Those rights should now be turned over to the public.

There *must* be these changes in legislation, or one of these days we may see hundreds of thousands of holiday makers either faced with the prospect of viewing the sea at a price—or giving the coast a miss altogether.

When your dog is
OFF HIS FOOD

It's a symptom of bad blood and a sign of your neglect

Many kindly-natured people neglect their dogs. Not intentionally, of course, but through ignorance of a dog's simple needs.

Your dog cannot keep his blood pure by perspiring, because there are no pores in his skin. To keep his blood pure he needs an addition to his food—he needs a regular weekly conditioning. If you neglect this duty, his liver becomes sluggish and his stomach sour. Many of the meals you prepare for him are wasted.

Give your dog a clean and hearty appetite this simple way. Provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders which prevent and cure all disorders due to impure blood, such as **loss of appetite, listlessness, sulky temper, continual scratching, dull and loose coat, eczema and eczema-gout (swellings between the toes).**

Thoughtful people keep their dogs fit by correct conditioning—a Bob Martin's Condition Powder three times a day on two successive days in every week.

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1/- boxes of 21 powders, 6d. packets of 9

Keep a tin of
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in the house and protect yourself and your family from the dangers of blood poisoning . . .

Apply this surgically clean dressing and plaster to blisters, boils, cuts and scratches.
Safe as a hospital dressing.
Applied in 5 seconds. Ready cut to the size you require. Cannot chafe or press on the wound. Cannot move.

Get a 1/- tin (containing 18 dressings) from your chemist to-day.

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Please send me your first-aid booklet.
Name .....
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White Trash!

One of the crew left a pile of illustrated papers for "Madame"

"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories
—91—

FIVE years ago, when I was only seventeen, I married a coloured man. It was a fatal mistake for which I and my two children must pay all our lives. And yet, except for his dark skin, Tom seemed just like all the other young men who thronged the old university city in which I was born. He was good-looking, too, with his dark eyes and flashing smile and well-cut features.

He wore English clothes like an Englishman; he spoke English without any accent; and his very name was as English as my own. Everybody seemed to like him. He was popular with his fellow students and well thought of by his professors, a good cricketer and a fair scholar.

We met at a dance. There was little colour prejudice among my friends and in the town generally. Tom danced beautifully and his manners were charming.

I was half-amused and half-touched when he said to me, almost immediately after we were introduced: "I come from an island far away, but I am a British subject, you know."

We met again and again during the next few weeks. I should have been very dull if I had not realised that he was falling in love with me, and soon I thought that I was in love with him. Perhaps I may have been. There is such a gap of time and bitter experience between the girl I was then and the woman I am to-day that I cannot be certain.

I only know that I was carried away emotionally. His touch thrilled me. His whole attitude to me was a queer mixture of humility and triumph.

It was just because he was half afraid to kiss me that I made him do it. I thought he was shy of me, but it wasn't that. I know now. He admired me, feared me, longed for me, *and hated me*—because I was white.

At last he asked me to run away with him. I knew he had plenty of money and he told me that his family was the most important in the island. I wanted to tell my parents, but Tom said he couldn't face their possible refusal and their almost certain reluctance.

"I'll make you happy," he said. "They won't mind when they see how happy you are."

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And so, soon after my seventeenth birthday, we eloped and were married in a register office. I shall pass over the three years which we spent in England and during which my two children were born. For their sake and for the sake of my parents I cannot give details that would identify me too closely.

It is enough to say that there was work here which Tom could do in connection with his family's business. For a little while I was very happy with him. Then came disillusionment, gradual at first, and blinding when he first struck me.

That happened even before our first child was born. It happened often in the following years. I told nobody. Tom did not neglect me. There were many intervals when he was kind enough in his way.

But always at the back of his mind was the consciousness that he was coloured and I was white. And when he was angry he treated me brutally, relieving in that way, I suppose, the inferiority complex which is a curse to nearly all coloured men.

I was frightened when he told me that he would have to go back to his own island, but he was in happy mood at the time. He talked of its beauty, of the yellow sands and the blue and transparent seas

He told me we should live in a big stone house and that the children would revel in the perpetual summer—my poor little children with their olive skins.

It was the last part of the voyage out which really filled me with terror and made me conscious, as I had never been before, of the unbridgable racial gulf between my husband and myself.

We had to tranship to a small sailing schooner, manned entirely by coloured men. It lay becalmed for nearly a fortnight. The water rations were very short and we suffered thirst as well as sun-blindness.

Conditions on board were so primitive as to border on the indecent. There were no proper sanitary arrangements and no adequate sleeping quarters. Nor was there any awning or shelter to be found on deck.

Day after day I had to choose between the open deck, with its torture of blazing light and heat, and the one small, dirty, evil-smelling cabin. I almost always chose the deck, shielding the children from the sun in my own shadow.

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For their sake I longed to reach the island. Tom had led me to believe that it was a flourishing and populous little colony with a mixed population. I cannot possibly describe my anguish when I discovered that there was not one among them all of my own race.

It was true that my husband's parents were traders of some little consequence. They lived in one of the larger stone-built houses surrounded by a wooden verandah. An English planter would have thought it a poor enough bungalow, but on that island, where the great majority of the natives live in two-roomed wooden huts, I suppose it was regarded as a palace. What horrified me was that we had to share this house with Tom's father and mother and with an old aunt.

I could not conceal my disappointment and real terror. He told me brutally that the place was more than good enough for "poor white trash."

"As for my parents," he said, "make up your mind to be civil to them. They'll have to put up with you, and you with them, for a long time.

"The mail boat only calls once in six weeks and scarcely ever carries a white man. That won't matter to *you*. *You're* not white any longer. *You're* my wife. Remember it."

Indeed, I could never forget it. I was never allowed to forget. The old native woman who was my mother-in-law hated me because I had "stolen" her son.

My husband's father, much darker than Tom, was sometimes odiously gallant. His table manners were so disgusting that I *never* could bear to look at him during meal times.

In my intolerable loneliness and humiliation I had no comfort at all except in my babies; no consolation except in the fact that my husband was obviously wearying of me and would leave me alone for weeks at a time.

Even that consolation had its bitter flavour. For I was utterly in his power and I dared not openly resent his occasional brief and hateful fondness.

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Though this island is part of the Empire, it is administered by natives. I found that all of them spoke English of a kind—mostly "pidgin" English, with an admixture of French, German and Spanish words. Except for Tom and myself, I do not think there was anybody else on the island with any pretence to education and culture. Certainly I met none.

It seemed to me that everybody hated and despised me. All the racial antipathy of centuries enveloped me—the one white girl in that coloured community. And there was no escape.

The island is only twelve miles long and four miles broad. It is one of a group, but for me there might as well have been no outer world.

Sometimes I grew so frantic in my terror and despair that I would run up

(Continued on page 24)

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THE LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM

HERE YOU SEE Lady Helena Fitzwilliam. Her eyes are blue and sparkling — a gleam of auburn lights her golden hair — and her beauty is enhanced by a perfect skin, rose-pink and creamy-white, and very fair indeed.

"I have only one beauty secret," says Lady Helena, "and it's a secret which all can share — Pond's ! I advise every girl to follow this simple, inexpensive method of beauty care:—

"First of all, I keep my skin immaculately clean with Pond's Cold Cream. The rich oils penetrate beneath the surface and float out all impurities. After a few minutes I wipe off cream and dirt with Pond's Tissues. And always before powdering, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream."

Winds and dust dry up the natural moisture in the skin, tend to make it rough and coarse. But Pond's Vanishing Cream restores this moisture, keeps the skin soft and smooth. "It's a perfect powder base, too," Lady Helena says. "It makes powder cling for hours ! "

★

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All about Baby

IN THE LITTLE RED BOOK

Is there anything sweeter than a laughing baby ! But how difficult sometimes to keep him in that bonny state of health which makes for smiles.

Yet it's chiefly a question of regularity, an avoidance of baby's worst enemy—Constipation. That's why Steedman's Powders are so invaluable for kiddies. They cool the blood and promote gentle action right through the difficult teething time, and, in fact, until the youngster is fourteen years of age.

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"My wife and I came out in a bad rash all over our bodies and legs. It was dry and crusted and the itching and burning were terrible to endure. The irritation was intense, keeping us awake at night and causing the rash to bleed from continual scratching.

"We tried different remedies, but with no result. Then we started with Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using two tablets of Cuticura Soap with Cuticura Ointment the rash entirely vanished and we were healed." (Signed) E. Flack, 65 North St., Walton-on-Naze, Essex, Eng.

Keep your skin clear by using Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for daily toilet purposes. Touch pimples and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Cuticura Talcum is unexcelled in purity, an ideal toilet powder for every member of the family.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 27, Charter-house Sq., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

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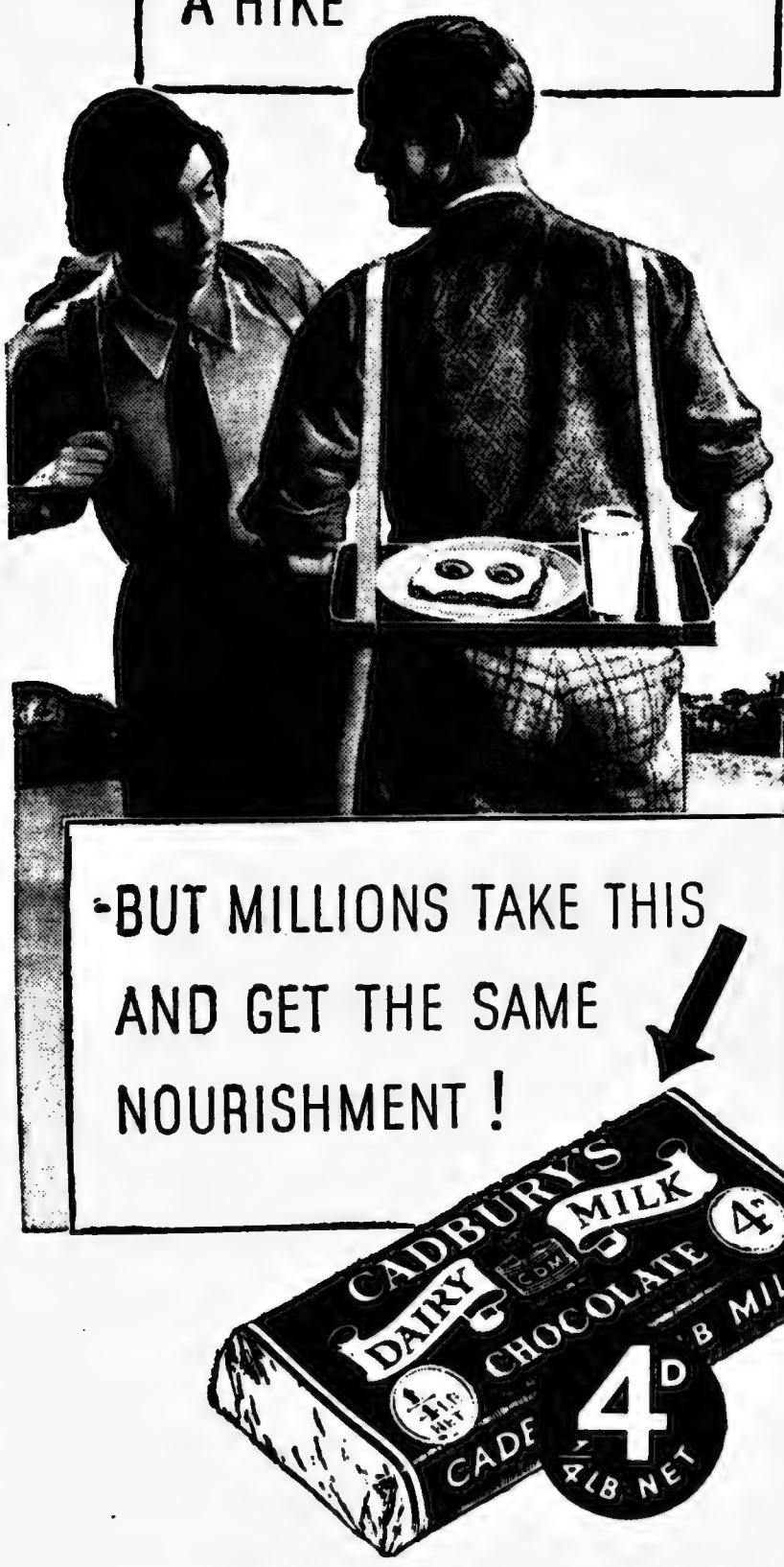

BUT MILLIONS TAKE THIS AND GET THE SAME NOURISHMENT !

YOU'RE safer with a quarter-pound block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate. *And you get the same nourishment.* Laboratory analyses show that a ¼ lb. of Cadburys 'Milk' provides as much nourishment as a glass of milk and two poached eggs on one large slice of buttered toast. Weight for weight, there is no food which provides more complete nourishment.

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—and prove that the world's best tooth-cleanser is also the most economical

Date your case of Gibbs Dentifrice when you start to use it and notice how slowly the dainty pink cake is used up. None is spilled, none wasted or squeezed out accidentally. Notice, too, how sparkling white your teeth become. How firm and healthy your gums are. And the handy, compact little case keeps Gibbs Solid Dentifrice dust-proof and fragrant to the end—the finest, most economical tooth-cleanser in the world.

Gibbs SOLID DENTIFRICE

Popular Size 7½d. Large 1/-. De Luxe 1/6. Refills 11d. Or may be had in Tubes: Gibbs Tooth Paste 6d & 1/-.

GD8oS

Nestlé's Milk . . has extra cream

WHITE TRASH!—*Continued from page 22*

RESCUED!—from an Island of Despair

and down the shore until I was exhausted.

Day after day Tom's mother would gibe and sneer at me and all of my race. If I offered to help her in the house, she said she didn't need any poor white girl to teach her her business. And if I did nothing, she would complain to Tom that I was lazy and disobliging.

We had to draw our water from a well some distance away. In that heat it was very hard work. They used me to carry the pails to and fro. They thought it was all I was fit for.

Whenever I could, I used to escape to the shore with my children. If it hadn't been for them and for the endless sewing which I did when I was indoors I think I should have lost my reason.

Though it was relatively a small matter, I found the food so monotonous that I lost all appetite. There was an abundance of fish and fruit. Apart from this, the staple diet was a cereal somewhat similar to rice or barley. I never liked it and grew at last to loathe it.

From the first day one thought was continually in my mind—escape for myself and my two children. I would rather have died than leave them behind. The mail boat seemed my only hope.

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I thought that perhaps I could persuade the captain, even though he was a coloured man himself, to take us back with him to the main island of the group and its principal town, the port from which we had transhipped on our way out. I had no money and I knew I should have to bribe him, but I should not have hesitated to steal from Tom for this purpose.

I couldn't write freely to my parents, for my husband read all my letters. The only way to get letters out of the island at all was by that one mail steamer once in every six weeks. And it was Tom who took the mails on board.

"I know you don't want to leave me, Precious," he said to me one day just before the steamer was due. "And that's just as well.

"Because, you see, no wife may leave this island without her husband's consent, and it would cost the skipper his job if he attempted to carry one off without it."

My face betrayed me and he laughed at my despair.

There came a time after more than a year of this captivity when my mind seemed frozen with misery. I could find no relief in tears.

My health was failing and the longing to see a white face and hear an English voice had become a dull and constant ache in my heart.

I was, indeed, at the very end of my endurance, held back from suicide only by the thought of my children, when the miracle happened. I was sitting on the shore gazing seaward when a steamship loomed far above the far horizon and grew steadily larger. I could scarcely believe my eyes, for, apart from the mail ship, no other vessel had called at the island since my arrival.

But this ship, a small trader flying the Red Ensign, steamed steadily towards me and dropped anchor in our harbour.

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My heart was racing and all my soul crying out, when I saw a dinghy cast off and white men in white uniform pulling for shore.

The boat's crew was met by a crowd of natives, but I felt sure the visitors would be taken to our house, and so I went back there through the garden, which sloped almost to the edge of the sea.

Our English guests were there before me. When I came into the room—a white girl among all those coloured people—they stared at me in frank amazement.

There was a young officer in the party, a mere boy of twenty or so. He got up hastily and bowed to offer me his seat. I said to him: "Were the workmen still repairing Piccadilly when you left London?"

It was such a foolish, inconsequential question, but my heart was bursting with joy and excitement. He laughed and so did his comrades. But my husband frowned at me—a forbidding frown that told me to hold my tongue.

The English ship, I learned, was short of water, but I was given no chance of talking with any of the men. My husband was being very gallant for once. He stood close by my side and spoke for me all the time!

I made some excuse to leave the company for a few minutes and, once outside the room, I scribbled a frantic note in pencil on a slip of paper.

There was, I could see, no hope of a private conversation. But I passed the slip of paper to the young officer when I shook his hand in farewell.

They sailed again next morning. The officer had given no sign, and I was in desperate anxiety until one of the crew called at the house an hour before they cast anchor and left a pile of illustrated papers for "Madame."

I was indoors at the time, and my mother-in-law could do nothing but hand the papers over to me.

"I'm afraid they're rather out of date, Mum," said the sailor apologetically, "but you might find the *Christmas* numbers rather interesting."

There was, of course, an answer to my note in one of those Christmas numbers. It told me that I mustn't lose heart; that efforts would be made to get into touch with my people; and that *soon* there would be news for me.

Neither the young officer nor any of his men were given any chance to speak to me in private, and I watched their ship sail away in a spirit of unspeakable desolation and uncertainty. But there was a new hope in my heart which sustained me through all the terrible months which ensued.

And the rest of my too ordinary story is soon told. First of all my husband received a quite unexpected and flattering offer of a post on the main island.

He could scarcely refuse it, and I saw him off on the mail boat with very mixed feelings, glad to be free from him on the one hand, but more terrified than ever of life on the island without him.

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But I did not have to wait long. Soon after Tom had gone, another steamer called and this time white officers came ashore and invited me openly to rejoin my husband on the main island.

Tom's father and mother were furious, but they had no authority to detain me. After all, was I not leaving with my children, to rejoin their son?

It took me less than a quarter of an hour to pack. I told the officer in charge that I had no money. He smiled at me and patted my shoulder.

"Don't worry, little girl," he whispered, "the National Debt wouldn't stop us from getting you out of this place!"

And that is really all. My original note had reached my parents and they had communicated with their local Member of Parliament. My husband had broken no law. His authority over me could not be disputed while I remained on the island. But once they had found him a job at the principal town of the group, who could deny my right to rejoin him?

Naturally I wasn't obliged to do this. Indeed, I never saw Tom again. My parents had forwarded my passage money and within two or three weeks I and my children were on the way home to England again.

I have been back with my own family now for several months. I have my two babies with me, and tranquillity, if not happiness, has returned to my spirit. But I am a married woman with no chance of divorce and no hope of maintenance. And my children are fatherless—bonny little bairns both of them—but not white.

This is a true story. I have found it hard to tell. But, if it should save even one other English girl from making the mistake I made I shall be well content.

The Greatest of These—

Charlie's People

CHARLIE, who is fourteen, has just started work. He is not very strong, and had to take an out-of-door job at 12s. 6d. a week. As he is the eldest of six children he is glad to be at work.

Charlie

His ex-Service father, when discharged from the war, returned to his pre-war occupation as a sand-blower, and all went well until he met with an accident, resulting in the loss of his right eye. The doctor stated that his eye was defective prior to the accident, so that he only received a few pounds compensation. He then worked in a bakery, but, having suffered from bronchitis on and off since he left the Army, the work proved more than he was fit for.

Then he earned a living as a pedlar. This had to be abandoned for a three months' stay in hospital, after which he was sent to a sanatorium suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis. He was discharged last October.

Charlie's mother contracted deafness while working in a munition factory.

Apart from Charlie's earnings, his parents and the five younger children have to exist on 30s. a week. After paying rent, light and firing there is 12s. 9d. left on which to feed and clothe them all.

"Some days we get bread and lard, and I could do with a good meal every day to kill my complaint," says this ex-Service man. His children, he adds, are in rags.

The only hope of bringing about better conditions in Charlie's family is to enable his father, who, his doctor states, is now fit for light work out of doors, to obtain a pedlar's licence and sell firewood from door to door. He would also need to hire a pony and cart to help him on his way until he prospered sufficiently to buy them for himself.

Donations which our readers will send for Charlie's father, who, his doctor says, "is a very deserving case for any grant," should be earmarked "Charlie," and addressed, as in the case of all subscriptions for the fund, to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

It's grand to see them EAT

Of course, the FLAVOUR of Kellogg's Rice Krispies explains their popularity with children. That crisp, crunchy goodness is a treat for breakfast or any meal. The spoons start going when you pour over the cold milk or cream.

Rice Krispies fascinate the kiddies. Serve them often — they are nutritious — satisfying — easy to digest. Always oven-fresh, always ready—no cooking needed. Your grocer sells the red-and-green packet.

7½d per packet
(Net I.F.S.)

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

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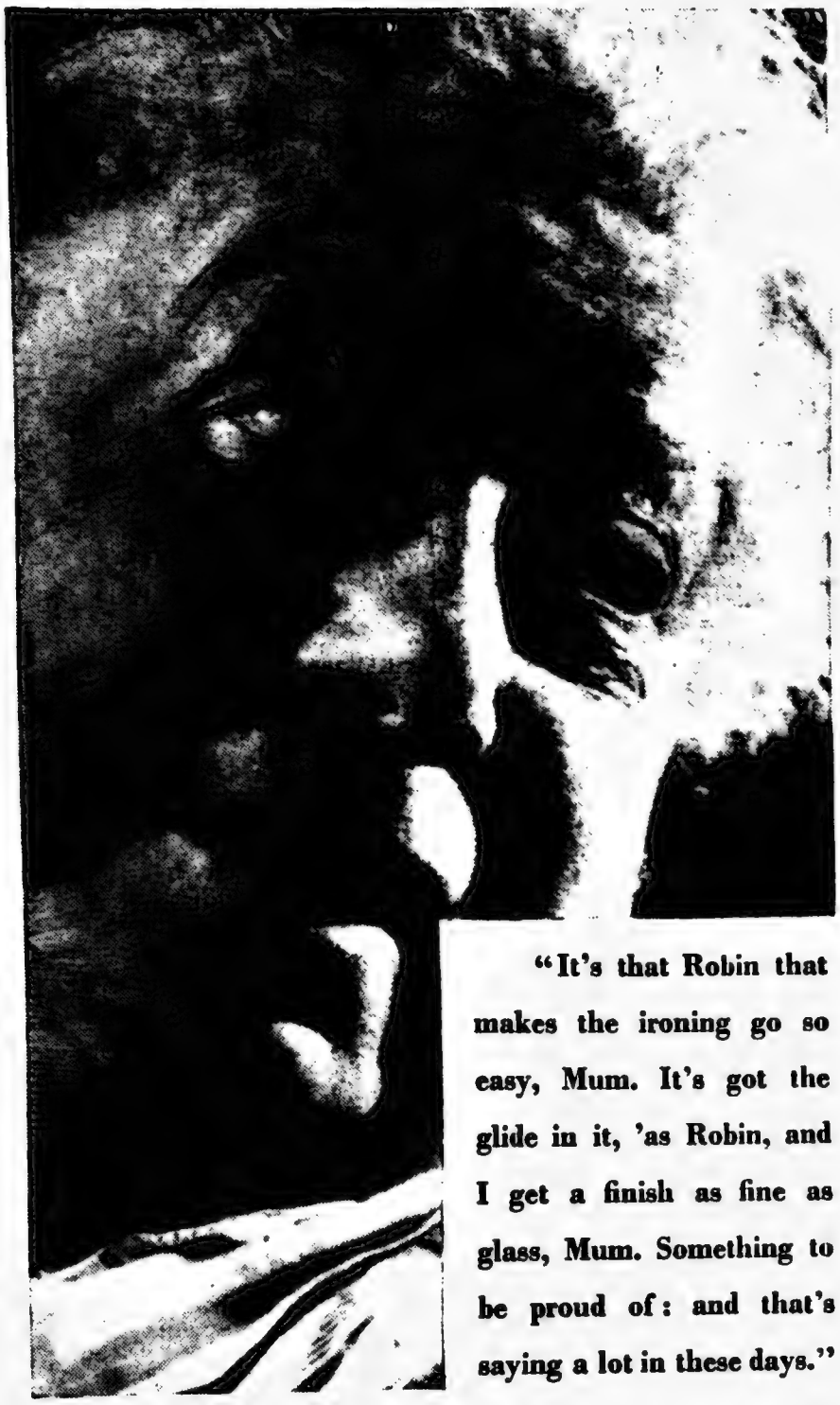

"It's that Robin that makes the ironing go so easy, Mum. It's got the glide in it, 'as Robin, and I get a finish as fine as glass, Mum. Something to be proud of: and that's saying a lot in these days."

ROBIN *Starch*

for that expert finish

Yet a further reason why 'Mine's a Minor'

Cork-tipped, 'Ivory'-tipped or Plain—

. . . I can get 30 De Reszke Minors in an oval decorated tin for 1/-. In taste, quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large—big enough, however, to last a full 10 minutes.

In Tins
30 FOR 1/- • 60 FOR 2/-
Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' Tipped

De Reszke MINORS

(Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.)

5 for 2d. • 10 for 4d. • 20 for 8d.

Read the advertisements and keep up-to-date

•

New uses for old products—new products for old jobs. New recipes, new fashions, new playthings. New books to read, new things to eat and drink.

Have you examined *all* the advertisements in this issue?

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

WITHOUT PURGATIVES OR CALOMEL

and you'll jump out of bed in the morning ready for anything

If you feel sour and weary and the world looks dreary, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives and expect them to make you feel fresh and buoyant and full of sunshine.

They can't do it. They only move the bowels and that doesn't get at the cause — your liver. Your liver's chief job is to send two pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Your stomach is filled with gas. You have a thick, bad taste in your mouth. Your breath is foul and skin blemishes often break out. You get headaches and feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those famous, sure acting, CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing for making the bile flow freely. But don't let them give you just any liver pills. Stand out for Carters Pills, the famous, sure-health kind. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all chemists, 1/3 and 3/-.

MODERN MOTHERS

SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH

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Thousands of women have maintained their health and strength during the crucial maternity period by wearing a Spencer Maternity Belt individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, headache and nausea and to give complete comfort and support.

The Spencer Maternity Bandeau gives uplift and support and prevents sagging both before and after maternity.

Spencer supports are recommended by over 30,000 Doctors throughout the world.

Write Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Maternity Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

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Are YOU a Victim?

Are YOU living a life of misery with the ceaseless, agonising Pain of a BAD LEG? Are YOU spending shillings . . . perhaps £££'s . . . on trying useless, obsolete treatments? If so, read how you can free yourself permanently from your terrible handicap. Just send round to your nearest chemist for GERMOLENE OINTMENT. Here is a remedy tried . . . tested . . . PROVED by hundreds of sufferers just like you. To some of them it brought complete healing in a WEEK—to others in DAYS—and to this particular sufferer with THREE DRESSINGS! Read this—

"*About 3 weeks ago I sustained a badly scalded leg. After a few days my leg had a deep wound badly inflamed. It went from bad to worse, until at last I tried Germolene. After the first dressing my leg was decidedly better, after the second, mending nicely, and with the third, healed!*"—*Mrs. M. W. Summerhill, Staffs.*

Go to your chemist NOW and ask for

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT—1/3 & 3/-

The very first dressing will *soothe*—in ONE MINUTE! Soon Germolene Ointment will have brought complete, perfect healing.

—HUMAN DOCUMENTS *probed by* PHILIP INMAN—

Potiphar's Wife —UP TO DATE

THERE are people who say that the Bible is out of date. It is the most modern book in the world. Take the familiar story of Joseph. He obtained a position in the house of a man called Potiphar. And he worked so hard that in time he was promoted to the office of chief steward.

Then, one day, the wife of Potiphar, taking a fancy to him, suggested they should have an affair together. But Joseph point-blank turned the proposal down. Potiphar's wife, now roused to scorn, resolved to get her own back. When her husband returned, she made a trumped-up charge against Joseph, and as a result he was actually arrested for assaulting her.

A good many men have been in the same position as Joseph. Potiphar's wife is still alive in the world to-day.

Listen to this story. It comes from a man who tells me that he is a widower. Some years ago, when his wife was alive, they became friendly with a couple living near them. He goes on to say:

"This man and his wife were always having disagreements, and we tried to pour oil on the troubled waters. One day, some time after my wife's death, this woman telephoned to my office asking me to call on my way home as her husband wished to see me.

"When I arrived I found that it was all a trap, for he was not there, and his wife was all alone. She told me that she was fed-up because of the frequent quarrels and that I was the only friend she had.

"I tried to point out that it takes two to make a quarrel and only stayed for a few minutes. A little later she telephoned again—said it was her birthday and asked me to take her out that evening. I refused to do so, and then she lost her temper and said she would get her own back by making it hot for me.

"Just about this time I had become engaged to a very nice girl, and shortly afterwards I received a letter from my fiancée saying that her father would not allow us to meet again in view of something he had heard from this woman.

"I asked for an appointment to discuss the matter, but it was refused. Then I went to see the woman, but she only laughed and said, 'I told you I would make trouble for you.'

"I then sought out her husband. He told me that his wife's tongue had been the cause of much unhappiness in his married life, and he further said that he could not understand her action as she had always referred to me as the straightest and most clean-minded man she had ever met.

"He also said that in view of the strained relations he was on with his wife he could not help me, though he sympathised with me in my plight. I feel my position terribly, and I should be eternally grateful if you could tell me what to do to clear my good name and put things right with my fiancée."

☆ ✱ ☆

This letter shows the depths to which a spiteful and disappointed woman will go. My correspondent has been shamefully treated, not only by this woman, but by his girl's father. It is altogether wrong to condemn a man without at least hearing his side of the story.

I think first of all he should write to his fiancée's father and point this out to him, at the same time giving him his version of the whole affair. If that brings no response then his next step should be to seek the aid of the husband of the woman who has caused all the trouble. This man should be induced to tell that girl what he has already told

When woman tempts—a scene from the film "Potiphar's Wife"

my correspondent—how that his wife, by her malicious tongue, has caused other troubles in his married life, and how he has heard her speak in the highest possible terms of his friend.

That at least should put things right with his girl. And, of course, if she is of age and is in love with this man, even her father cannot stand in the way of their marriage. Then the future must be allowed to speak for itself.

It may be that the woman, when she sees that she has been foiled, will confess to the truth. In any case, the best answer of all is for these two to live happily together, and, so far as they are concerned, that is all that really matters.

☆ ✱ ☆

My second letter is another indication that Potiphar's wife is very much alive. Let me quote it in full:

"I am a married man, thirty-two years old, and we have two bonny kiddies, one seven and the other three. Three years ago, with a girl friend of my wife's, we set up in partnership as ladies' and gentlemen's hairdressers.

"As I was paying off the mortgage on our house, I could only find one-third of the money, and my partner found the other two-thirds. From the very beginning we have made rapid progress, and the business to-day is still growing.

"But I have now come up against the worst problem I have ever had to tackle. The other day my partner told me that things could not go on in the same way. And when I asked for the reason she said that she had grown to love me. I can truthfully say that I have not given her the slightest encouragement, because I am very happy with my wife and love my home and my children. And so I told her not to be foolish as there could never be anything between us.

"I thought she was going to be sensible over the whole affair, but yesterday she said that she had decided to dissolve the partnership, and that either I must pay her out or else she would pay me out.

"It seems a pity that this has just happened when things are going so well. In any case, I have not the money to buy her share of the business, and if she gives me mine it will mean that I shall have to start all over again, and there is bound to be a good deal of talk as to the reasons of our separation.

"Do you think it would be wise for me to pretend to give in to her until I can get established on my own feet? If that in your opinion, would be foolish, what other course do you advise me to take?"

I would remind my correspondent of Shakespeare's fine words: "To thine own self be true. And it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Pretence in such circumstances as his never pays. Not only would it mean rank disloyalty to his wife and his home, but it would lead to endless complications later on. When this partner of his discovered the truth she would make things far more difficult than they are to-day.

No, that is not the way out for my correspondent. But what is?

A good deal depends upon the terms of that partnership. If it was drawn up by a lawyer, surely it was arranged that some notice must be given before either side could withdraw his or her share out of the business. If it was only a verbal arrangement, then in whose name were the premises taken?

If in their joint names, they are both responsible until due notice can be given. My correspondent could then arrange with the landlord to take the shop over after the necessary time has elapsed. That would give him an opportunity of finding the money required to pay out his partner.

He should be able to do this by advertising for someone to come and join him. That should not be difficult, especially as the business has shown a steady development from its inception. It would be a very different matter if the concern were not so prosperous as it evidently is.

☆ ✱ ☆

A young man of thirty writes to tell me that he is unmarried and that up to a short time ago he was very happy with his parents at home. The letter goes on:

"I have a brother, who, before his marriage, was one of the best in the world. At his wedding his wife made a great fuss of me and I could see that my brother, who is rather of a jealous nature, did not like it. Then, after the honeymoon, they used to come frequently to see us, and on every occasion my sister-in-law would have nothing to do with anybody except myself.

"That seemed to anger my brother greatly. And it has been aggravated by his wife telling him that she married the wrong man.

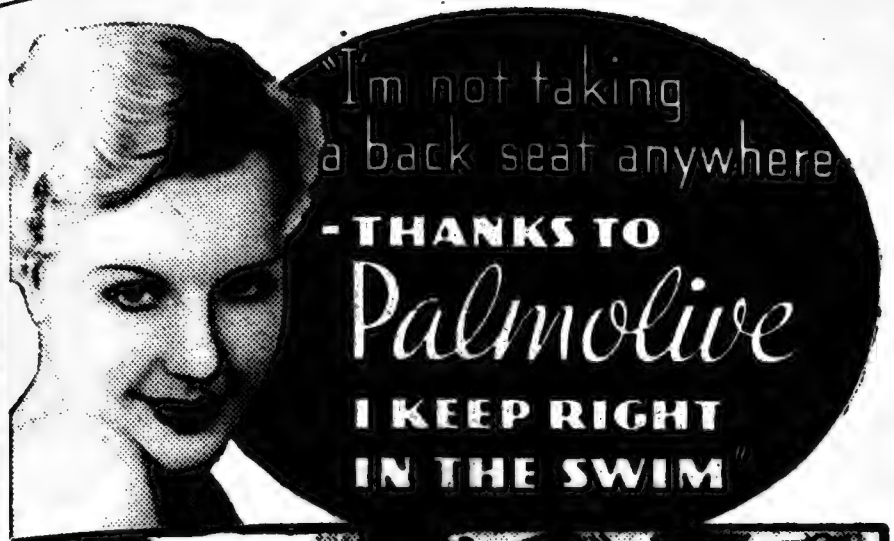
"The result is that the other night something happened which has made things very unpleasant for us all. My brother, who has always been a steady man, came to see us the worse for drink. And he challenged me to a fight. I feel it terribly, and I am at a loss to know what I ought to do."

I think my correspondent's sister-in-law must be an extremely foolish woman. Now that she is married, she ought to keep her private feelings to herself.

The best way is to have a straight talk with her, and point out to her the grave risks she is running. If she has any sense at all that should put a stop to her philanderings. If she persists in her foolishness, then I think my correspondent ought to walk out every time she calls. He can explain the reason to his brother when he catches him in a calm mood.

"I have never desired the attentions of your wife," he can say, "and what ever motive she has in running after me I don't know; but it is none of my seeking."

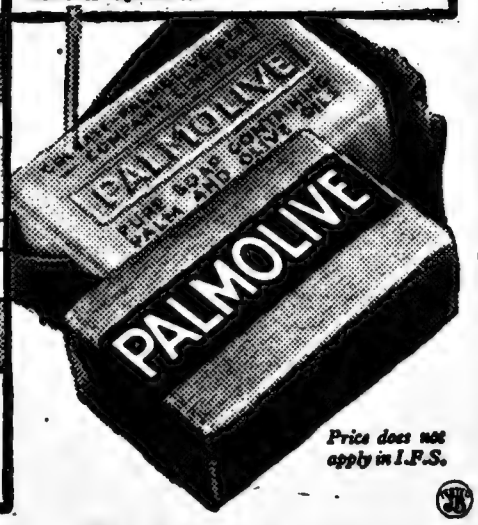
Send the problem which causes you anxiety to "Humanist," Write to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing STAMPED envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.



"What's become of so and so?" I hear that said of so many girls who've let their looks "go" even a little. So I'm not risking it. I follow the advice of 20,000 beauty specialists, and protect my skin with Palmolive. What about you?

There's another thing about Palmolive; you *do* know exactly what it's made of. You know you're using on your skin nothing but pure vegetable oils — a blend of palm and olive oils. And nothing could possibly do it more good, however expensive.

And with evening frocks getting lower, backs, necks, and arms simply must be soft and smooth — so I find the obvious solution is to use Palmolive in the bath, and keep that Schoolgirl Complexion all over!



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MOST MARVELLOUS VALUE EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

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1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket, size 54in. x 75 in.
2 Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, soft, warm, and durable, 63 in. x 70 in.
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1 Beautiful Bedspread, Rose, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jumpo grounds, new colours. Centre design edged with Art. Silk Embroidery, size 90 in. x 90 in.
2 Coloured Striped Turkish Towels, absorbent loop pile, 20 in. x 44 in.
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1 Elegant Embossed Electro Cake or Fruit Dish, size 11½ in.
1 Lady's Fall-time Overall or Blouse.

BALE COMPLETE Carriage Paid 20/-

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This PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to readers of "John Bull." On receipt of a P.O. for 5s., Carr. 1s. extra, we will forward, direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "PRUDENTIAL" Real Seamless Woven REVERSIBLE CARPETS. Suitable for Dining-room, Bedroom, etc. Drawing-room, Handsomely bordered in new Turkey and artistic patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues Browns, Rose, and mingled Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Every reader of "John Bull" is invited to send for our New Illustrated Bargain Sale Catalogue of Carpets, with Rugs to match (Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, Ideal and Reversible) in all sizes; also Yorkshire and Witney Blankets, Down Quilts, Bed Sheets, Table Linens, Towels, Bedding, etc., at the lowest warehouse prices, free by return of post.

SPECIAL OFFER— 2 Carpets and 2 Rugs 19/- Carriage paid.

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ELECTRIC CYCLE LAMPS

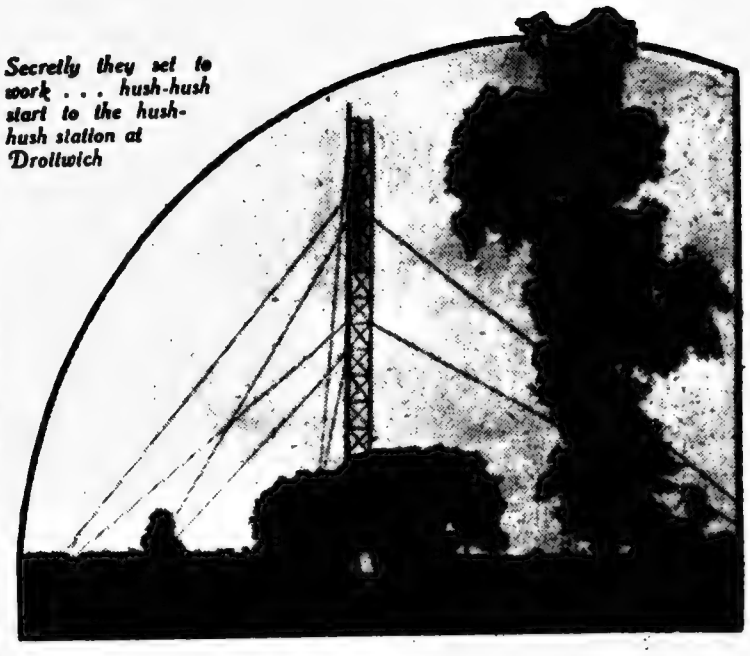
WOMAN'S GREATEST SIN

Women are now flocking to this Man

It is now a sin for women to look wrinkled and ugly. Prof. Dr. Stejskal, famous physician and scientist in the University of Vienna, has extracted a new product from young animals called Biocel. The moment this vital substance is applied wrinkles disappear and the skin becomes firm, fresh and young. Famous society beauties, actresses and women are now flocking to this man who has done so much to bring backyouth. Large quantities of Biocel are now shipped from Vienna throughout the world. The supply, however, is limited and it may at any time become almost impossible to obtain it. Genuine Biocel obtained direct from Vienna is now combined with Tokalon Skinfood (rose colour). Although this greatly increases the cost of manufacture, the price for the present at least will not be increased.

Tokalon Biocel Skinfood (rose colour) feeds and nourishes your skin all night with genuine Biocel. Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy) nourishes your skin all day and makes face powder invisible and adherent. It will make your skin three shades whiter in a few days' time. Success guaranteed in every case or your money refunded.

The B.B.C.'s GIANT New Voice



Secretly they set to work . . . hush-hush start to the hush-hush station at Droitwich

THE B.B.C. has acquired a giant—with a great deal of difficulty. Only a few people behind the scenes know how difficult it was to get the necessary permission from the British Government.

"Droitwich National Transmitter" is its name. You have probably heard it officially by now. It has been intruding into British homes after midnight unofficially for weeks.

Its behaviour during these weeks has been most un-British—or at least un-B.B.C.ish. It has permitted bands to play unannounced. It has broadcast the coughs (and once even the sneeze) of its announcers.

More annoying than anything else, it has described the din of feet shuffling and chairs falling and people walking about as "Droitwich testing" without telling us what we most wanted to know—all about it.

Well, what *is* the truth about this biggest British broadcasting station ever, which, beaten in power only by Moscow, is the second biggest in the whole world? What are the secrets the B.B.C. have steadfastly refused for months to the Press, politicians, technicians, and even its own wireless listeners?

The story of Droitwich, which is five times more powerful than the present most powerful B.B.C. station, Daventry, really begins four years ago. Then the British Broadcasting authorities, who have always longed for a leather-lunged station that would tell not only the Empire but the whole world, met with the first discouragement at the hands of the Government.

The British Government did not want a station that would intrude too much on foreign ears, and said so plainly.

Two years ago, when more and more foreign stations were coming on the air, so many, in fact, that wave lengths were getting dangerously close together, the B.B.C. was able to advance a new argument upon official ears. One big station would render possible the withdrawal of three medium-wave National transmitters, they pointed out. In other words, we would be leaving two vacancies on the air and yet giving Britain, as a whole, better, clearer and louder broadcasting.

So the Government said "Yes."

Now the B.B.C. fitted five vans up as miniature transmitting stations and sent them out in all directions. They were ordered to tell the world from every available hill-top, so that official listeners would be able to judge from the results which was the best site for Britain's giant station-to-be.

They were required to give particular attention to a spot just south of Birmingham, round about Droitwich, in fact, because that was the middle of England and therefore ideal for a national transmitter

Poor B.B.C.—it has had its leg pulled. There are eleven reputed middles of England, and Droitwich is only one of them. One is marked by a pump, another by a tree, another by a cross-roads, a fourth by the cyclists' memorial to their war dead, placed, as they described it, at "the hub of England."

There is only one way to find the middle of England, and that is by cutting out a map and carefully balancing it on a pin That infallible test shows that all the reputed middles—Droitwich included—are not middles of England at all.

Anyhow, the B.B.C. experts picked out a spot and said "Here shall we build," and then promptly proceeded to do so. And nobody can say that they have not built well.

It is a wonderful station, as motorists passing along the Birmingham-Bristol road see it—probably more wonderful than Moscow's.

More conspicuous than anything are its two aerials, lattices of steel reaching to a height of 700 feet and dwarfing every other B.B.C. aerial in the country. The broadcasting mandarins could not keep the public in the dark about these.

Fast lifts carry engineers to the top of them. Platforms capable of accommodating a score of men hold the lift mechanism. And yet each of the great masts of 150 tons deadweight, the platforms, the lift gear and the men working on the switches, are supported on insulators no thicker round than a man's body, which are perched on top of the concrete foundations.

The station buildings themselves, white, two-storeyed buildings as long as the aerials are high, look nothing out of the ordinary—externally. Yet what wonders both massive and intricate they contain!

To begin with, although the building contains more plant than most London power stations, it is so carefully designed for cleanliness that if as much as a smut is seen anywhere in the building it will be regarded as the next worst calamity to a breakdown of the station

Then, again, if any working part likely to suffer from over-heating approaches a dangerous temperature, it will be automatically switched off and a new, cool part switched on to take over its duties.

Viewing the whole system of broadcasting in proper order, the first thing of interest is the lead-in, which brings in the raw material of broadcasting—music, speech and so on—from whatever studio in London or elsewhere is in use.

What that raw material is—whether the voice of King or statesman, the golden notes of great singer or instrumentalist, or the re-hash of the Blattnerphone, that new device which commits broadcast performances to celluloid so that they can be used again and again or filed away for posterity—is no concern of anybody at Droitwich.

It comes in in a whisper along underground cable, safe from external interference because not more than ten people know where it connects with the overhead wires. And it goes out in such a volume that it can be heard the whole world over under suitable conditions.

Control engineers seize it first, sitting at a sloping control table nineteen feet long situated in the Transmitter Hall Gallery. Then strange tricks are played with it.

The Power House gives it the boost it requires to travel to the uttermost ends of the earth. There four Diesel engines, each of 750 horse-power and driving its own generator, supply the power for the transmitters themselves and all the auxiliary services of the stations.

Then two banks of motor generators in the Machine Room play their part, feeding the transmitters with the high-tension current for which they hunger.

Great galleries of whirring machines, each as big as the power plant of a fair-sized liner, spread to all points of the compass. They all take part in the scheme of things, controlled from gleaming panels as clean as a hotel dining-table.

Size, power and care, polished efficiency—

Yet the broadcasting station itself, the actual transmitting apparatus, is stored in fifteen glass cases each as big as a telephone box, a medley of valves and delicate apparatus in strange contrast with the huge, almost frightening, machines that are subsidiary to it.

Such is Droitwich National Transmitter, Britain's first monster broadcasting station, which has cost £200,000 and which, despite the fact that Moscow is more powerful, will anyhow give purer tone than any other station in the world.

Marconi himself has helped to design it, and that will guarantee its efficiency. And it will be two and a half times louder than Daventry, which seems a contradiction of the fact that it is five times as powerful, but is not, remembering that one must multiply the power of a station by four to double its original strength.

There are people who pretend that it has been designed to drown every other broadcast voice in Europe should the need arise, but that is nonsense.

It is designed to give the best broadcasting possible to date to the millions of people who, in the tumult of broadcasting voices that exists to-day, cannot get any one station well.

And although a few who will find they "get" Daventry better will grumble, the bulk of people will be grateful.

SIDE-SLIPS

2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

LIVERPOOL POST AND MERCURY:—"Sutcliffe had MESSAGE treatment yesterday."

GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"They were each given a bag of EXPLOSIONS."

SOUTHERN DAILY ECHO:—". . . were summoned for PEDALLING without certificates."

THE STAR:—"Several tugs went to her assistance to take off passengers and CREW."

WIGAN OBSERVER:—". . . a pretty picture in spotted parchment chiffon dresses with taffeta ASHES."

MUSICAL OPINION:—"Mix up ivory black with size, lay it on with a BLUSH."

HULL DAILY MAIL:—"—— had by then lost UNCONSCIOUSNESS."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The ball kept low, shot under his HAT, and bowled him."

HOYLAKE AND WEST KIRBY ADVERTISER:—"Her husband was employed as a BARMAID."

THE CRUSADER:—"—— was presented with an eight-day CLIMBING clock."

DERBY JOURNAL:—"She seems to have a genius for appearing like a FLEBY."

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Floors that are regularly polished with 'Mansion' attain such a high standard of cleanliness. 'Mansion' removes the dirt and gives a brilliant polish. Its antiseptic properties destroy harmful dust germs. Use Mansion Polish for your Stained or Parquet Floors and Linoleum, and ensure a polished and healthy home.

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Whatever the pleasure...

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complete it

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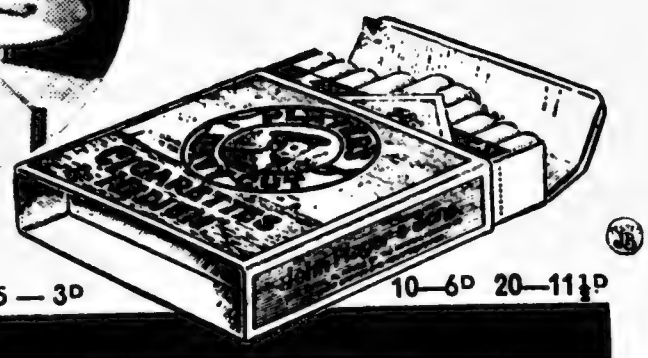
Player's 5's. A useful little packing to fit the vest pocket or lady's handbag.



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we don't know— but
WE DO KNOW THAT
Sharps the word AND Sharps the Toffee
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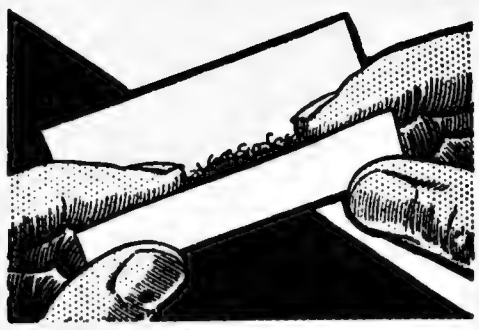
E. SHARP & SONS. LTD MAIDSTONE.

DRINK HOT WATER EVERY DAY.

Two well-known Specialists in recent articles both emphasised the vital importance of water for assisting the body to prevent and resist disease. To keep in good health every man and woman should drink a glass of hot water each morning on rising, but those troubled with sick headache, biliousness, bad complexion, furred tongue or general depression should add a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate to cleanse and purify the system and flush away from the liver and bowels the uric acid, sour fermentation and poisonous waste that collect. Sufferers from constipation, biliousness, liver disorders and minor ailments of all kinds, as well as those troubled with rheumatism or indigestion, should get a supply of 'Limestone' Phosphate, costing but two shillings, from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites or any other good chemist. If a little is taken daily in a glass of hot water this will prove a sure way of subduing uric acid, cleansing the liver and bowels and thus maintaining vigorous health.



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Start now! *A.G.'s fit all machines and give best results.*

AG *The better paper for better cigarettes.*

KING CARNIVAL has come to stay!

HAS King Carnival come to Britain to stay?

Although there are still some who allude to the carnival as a "Continental" or "imported" form of amusement, the magnitude and success of several of this year's carnivals would appear to prove that the gay foreigner has now become well acclimatised in Britain.

And "acclimatised" is really the right word. For one of the chief objections to carnivals was that, while they were well suited to the dry, equable weather of the Riviera, they would stand but small chance of success in our own more variable and treacherous climate.

However, drier summers and drought have helped in this—and also the invention, by British manufacturers, of *waterproof garlands* for street decoration.

For twenty years the carnival has been trying its foothold in this country, and now, the organisers and concessionaires will tell you, it is no longer "Continental," but has become a distinctly British form of amusement, for which a host of British manufacturing houses cater.

But just what is a carnival, and where does it differ from a fair or other gala or fête?

THREE distinctive features there are to a carnival—and without these, the experts assure us, there is no carnival.

First, there must be a Queen of the Carnival—sometimes a King and Queen.

Second, there can be no carnival without processions through the town.

And, third, there must be the Battle of Flowers.

A real carnival should last a week—from Saturday to Saturday or Monday to Monday usually, so that exhausted revellers get one Sunday in between, in which to rest and recuperate.

And, during that week, it is the aim of the organisers that the whole town should be a pleasure ground, and the whole population—both home folk and visitors—participants in the fun.

"Put them all in fancy dress, and keep 'em in it!" is the way in which one veteran carnival organiser expressed the objects of his carnival committee. It is true, the townspeople must work, but why should they not don the motley as soon as the day's work is done, and join the holiday makers in the fun. Almost invariably carnivals are organised in aid of local hospitals, and succeed in raising sums varying from a couple of hundred pounds to sums well in the four figures. Besides this they are the means of securing an influx of visitors to a town and a considerable amount of favourable publicity for any resort.

But it was not easy to win the English people over to the idea of taking part in the merry-making, as well as watching it, so the carnival people will tell you.

"The Englishman will wear a fancy nose at a French carnival and enjoy it—and yet shy off it at home," said one organiser. "But still, the sale of false noses goes up here, from year to year, so our resistance must be melting."

It is a big job, organising a carnival.

Usually organisation starts a year or nine months before the event. First the consent and approval of the corporation is secured. Then a committee, or carnival association, is formed, almost invariably with the mayor of the town at its head. This executive committee then sets about the appointment of a host of other committees, each of which has a tough job of work on hand.

There are, for instance, the Decorations Committee, the Competitions Committee, the Processions Committee, Ball Committee, Children's Committee, and so on.

Each of these has plenty to do. The Decorations Committee, for instance, has to organise the decorating of the entire town, securing the co-operation of shopkeepers and householders on the various streets, and endeavouring to have them work together, so that each street adopt a single decorative scheme. This is often too expensive and complicated for any but the principal streets.

Then there are the "Joy Squads." These are groups of young people who volunteer to assist the Carnival Committee by helping to create the right spirit of good cheer. They wear fancy dress all day, and go through the town in groups, singing, dancing and jesting.

The visitor who arrives during Carnival Week, then, finds a whole town *en fête*. From the station he walks out into gaily decorated streets. Perhaps the shops are competing in a window-dressing competition.

HE passes groups of fancifully attired young people. Slowly the carnival spirit gains on him. And, after lunch—the Big Parade. Down through the principal streets and along the Front pass lorries, floats, private cars, horse vans, motor cycles—decorated with a variety of fantasy and beauty. Ahead of the cortege rides Queen Carnival upon her high golden throne, attended by her court.

Among the carnival traffic pass dancing clowns and jesters and other costumed pedestrians. Some sport huge grotesque heads—of policemen, dragons, jesters, devils. Some are on stilts, others on foot—here a man with the head of a giant bulldog rides a push-bike.

But this is not the only procession in the Carnival Week. There is the Battle of Flowers. This also usually starts with a procession of cars. But this time only private vehicles take part, and the decorations are floral.

As the procession winds through the streets or along the sea front, the occupants of the cars throw flowers upon the spectators, and the spectators respond in kind.

—and his spouse, the pretty Queen, wears pageantry's crown

But—flowers are dearer in England than by the Mediterranean's shores. So paper flowers and "rose petals" are also used, and also confetti.

At a certain spot—where there is plenty of open ground—the procession halts. And there the battle really begins! Hosts of frenzied flower and confetti-flingers surround the embattled cars, and a fierce and prolonged conflict ensues.

In one such evening three tons of confetti have been used. In order to realise what a huge amount this is, remember that the ordinary penny bag of confetti weighs an ounce and a half.

This is the reason why—when the proposal to have a carnival is first mooted—opposition is sometimes forthcoming, at first, from the borough surveyor. Because a couple of really good confetti battles may choke the drains for several days.

But, as the mayor of a famous seaside town remarked on one such occasion: "Considering everything, it's well worth choking the drains for a couple of days!" And eventually the borough surveyor found himself on one of the carnival committees!

Let it not be thought, however, that the two parades constitute the whole of carnival. There are fancy dress balls—at which attend the queen and her retinue; aquatic tournaments, regattas, torchlight processions, fireworks, children's parades and sports, and a host of other enjoyments.

But all are co-ordinated into one great dove-tailing week of amusement, planned during months past, by the carnival committees, and above all rules King Carnival, or, in Britain, usually his spouse, the Queen.

SO they have come to Britain, this royal pair, it would appear, to stay—even if the climate be less amiable. But it doesn't rain all the time, and we have (as said before) invented waterproof garlands for street decorations. And all the carnival novelty supply firms take out "Pluvius policies" with their insurance companies.

There were several hundred thousand people at Southend during the recent carnival. Hastings estimates an attendance of 125,000 merry-makers. Skegness is holding a giant carnival on September 8 to 16, at which 200 carnival queens from other spots will attend.

To have a whole town make merry, to build fellowship among strangers at holiday time, and break down "starchiness," such is the mission of King and Queen Carnival. And, if it be properly carried out, without rowdiness or undue disturbance of non-participants, it is a worthy mission. Long live their Majesties of Carnival Land!

Hollywood Beauty Secrets

little tricks that make the stars beautiful

mous screen stars use many little tricks o heighten their beauty. For example, the eyes can be made much more nticing if you take a small brush, t in petroleum jelly, carefully stroke the ows away from entre of the face. eyelashes, too, be made darker onger by daily ing outwards the jelly. And urse the nose never have the suggestion of shine. That is why n stars now insist upon non-absorbent face powder. Ordinary powder only prevents shine for a few minutes because it absorbs the natural moisture of the skin and forms a glistening paste. The powder *itself* shines.

But chemists have found that by blending the der with a little Mousse of Cream it ade non-absorbent. This process is patented by alon. Poudre lon cannot soak e skin's moisture. is why it gives a soft, smooth like the bloom fresh peach. tays on five s longer than r powders— in spite of , rain or pers- ion. Poudre Tokalon is the one face der that prevents ugly shine all day —and *itself never shines.* 6d and 1/-

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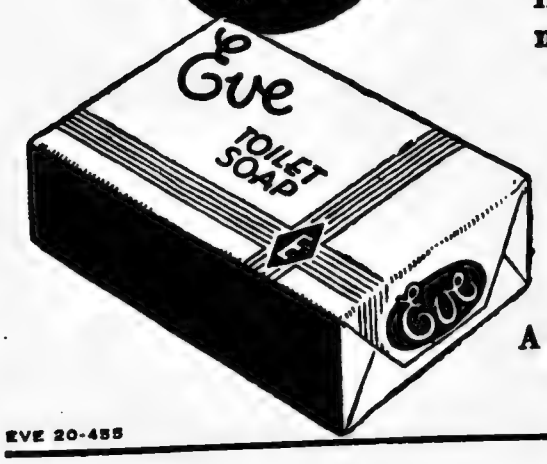

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YOUR doctor will tell you that indigestion is usually due to excess acidity. Acid accumulates in the stomach and causes food to ferment, thus producing pain and distress. To rid yourself of excess acid quickly and surely, take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after eating or when pain is felt. This gives instant relief by neutralising excess stomach acid, and soothing and healing your inflamed stomach lining. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is used by doctors and in hospitals, because it relieves indigestion by removing the cause.

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Dress your hair daily with Julysia and see it gain in lustre and health. Julysia fixes the hair perfectly, imparts a brilliant gloss, and contains no gum.

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Get a bottle to-day from any good Hairdresser, Chemist or Store. 1/- and 1/6. Sample size 6d.

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Soothe swollen, tired, aching feet at once this simple and inexpensive way. Put a little Condy's Fluid in a basin of water—about a tablespoonful to a quart—and soak the feet in this. Acts like magic. Tiredness and tenderness vanish, swelling is reduced. Shoes can be worn with comfort. Burning, throbbing feeling disappears. There's a scientific reason. Condy's in water makes *active oxygen*, Nature's great tonic and reviver. It is this *active oxygen* which gives Condy's the power to soothe and cleanse as nothing else can. Odourless, non-poisonous. Sold by all chemists, grocers and stores. 1/- and 1/6 bottle. It must be Condy's. (432)

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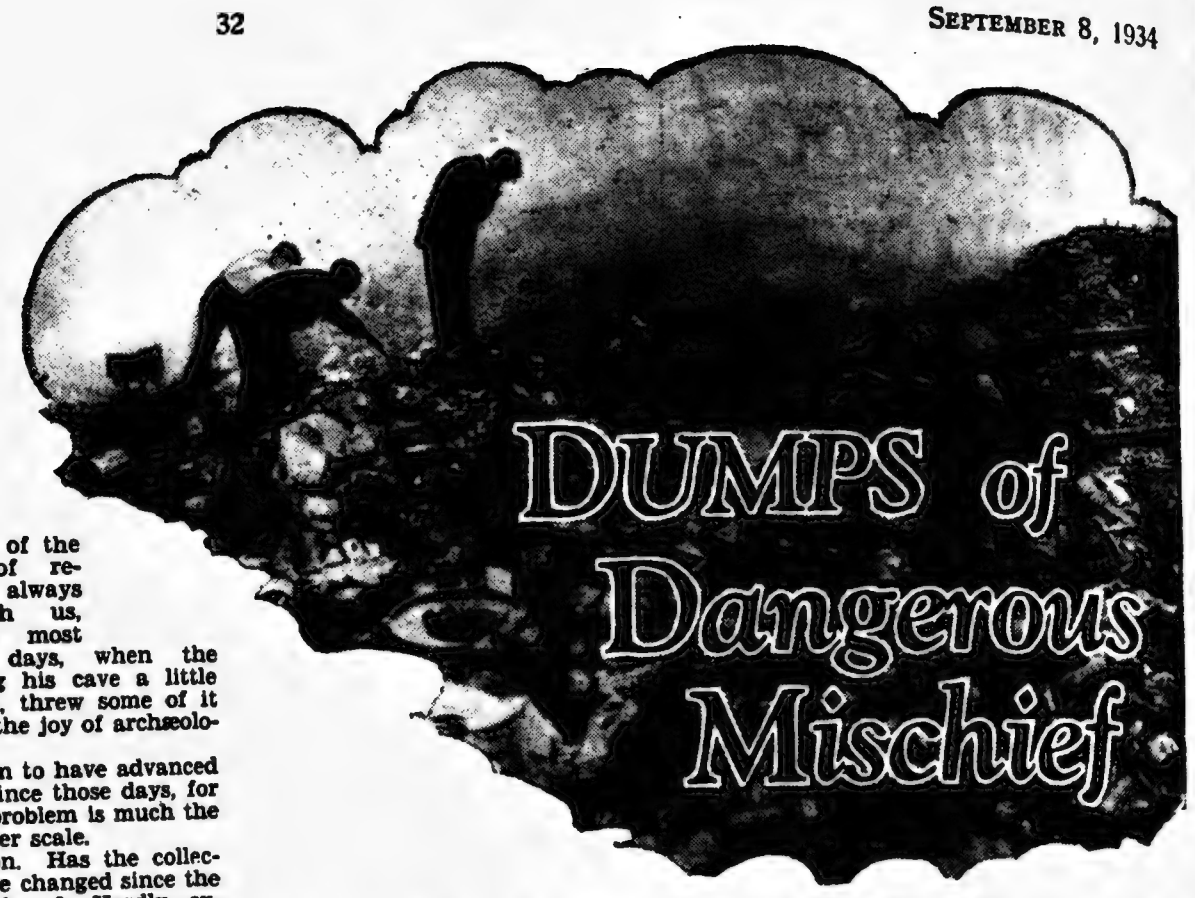


"A colossal heap of burning refuse is continually added to" — at Yiewsley

DUMPS of Dangerous Mischief

THE problem of the disposal of refuse has always been with us, from the most primitive days, when the early savage, finding his cave a little crowded with refuse, threw some of it outside the door, to the joy of archæologists to-day.

Well, we don't seem to have advanced very much further since those days, for our solution of the problem is much the same, only on a larger scale.

First, the collection. Has the collection of dustbin refuse changed since the time of Charles Dickens? Hardly—except that the dustman is no longer suitably attired for his job. (Do you remember the dustman's hat, with its shoulder flap to prevent the little bits going down his neck?)

Dustbins are left outside houses, and the man carries them to a cart precariously covered with canvas, pulls back the flap, and slings the contents in. Away flies a small cloud of particles on the air, and the passers-by have a disagreeable passage.

That is primitive enough in all conscience. But such is the general collection of rubbish in the centre of the Empire in the year 1934!

Vienna, by way of contrast, is a capital that did provide herself with the refuse clearance system a great city should have.

Broadcast disease

They collect there in long, steel-covered vans. The dustbin is placed on a conveyor at the rear of the vehicle (motor, of course, not horse-drawn), and, with much clanking of machinery in the bowels of the contraption, the dustbin is rapidly drawn inside through folding doors (that close after it), and the dustbin, emptied, cleaned and disinfected, is handed out by the conveyor on the other end of the vehicle. That is something like civilised methods!

I would prefer to see replacement—the dust collector issuing from the station with clean dustbins, dovetailed into one another for easy conveyance, and the dustbins full of refuse collected and emptied at the refuse station.

Now, as to the disposal of the refuse when gathered. Some boroughs deal with it themselves direct; others contract out. A favourite method is to barge it along the Grand Junction Canal—in open barges which distribute odour, and occasional aerial drifts, as they go—through London and its suburbs. Arrived at a distant part, say, in West Middlesex, where the council concerned has purchased or rented land for that purpose, the barges are off-loaded into mammoth "dumps."

Rubbish is useful!

Yiewsley is an example of this—a colossal heap of burning refuse is continually added to. Happily, there is no one in the immediate neighbourhood, but germs travel long distances, and this centre of pest distributes its odours far and wide.

Think of the rat-breeding that goes on in these dumps! And all the while we go on preaching hygiene! Children learn the elements of hygiene at school, but this oral instruction is often nullified by the visual instruction of municipal slovenliness in dust collection outside the school gates.

Perhaps you have heard of the mighty Kent dumps, in the marshes, where rats are reputed to be as big as cats and twice as ferocious!

The Ministry of Health has taken some action in the matter, and, as regards dumping, tries to insist on what is called "controlled tipping"—that is, a load of earth is thrown on to a few loads of rubbish. That is something, to be sure, but certainly not enough.

As the director of one of these controlled areas remarked to me, with satisfaction, "This rubbish is useful—it fills up all the holes where they've taken out the gravel."

"What will you do with the spaces after?" I asked.

"Oh, they come in for football grounds."

"And building?" I queried.

"Oh yes" (not so readily)—"and building."

A period of delay before the utilisation of land that has been a refuse dump is now insisted on. But who knows how long bacteria live?

They say that in Mexico germs have been found alive in Mexican temples deserted these two thousand years.

I have seen houses built (for workmen's dwellings) on a rubbish heap while tipping continued at the other end. The flies swarmed at one as one passed the front doors.

Meanwhile, young people played tennis on another part of the dump, that had been laid out with grass. Six months had elapsed since the rubbish was put there. Think of the inhaling those people did during the game—and the mysterious illnesses that might result.

Many of the notorious refuse sites, of which complaint has been made, have been improved out of all recognition. The one at Harrow, for instance, is no longer the dreadful spot it was. Why? Simply because public opinion rose in its wrath and got something done about it. But once let the public stop regarding this matter as serious, and the old game will continue all over the place.

2,000,000 tons of it

What is the remedy? Burning—or incineration, if you prefer the word. Modern refuse is more easily burnable than that of ten years ago—it is lighter, and composed more largely of paper than it was.

Incinerating stations should be erected to deal with all refuse before it is dumped, either by "controlled" or crude methods, and the resulting harmless slag would then be suitable for filling up the holes in the ground which the gravel extractors have left.

What of the expense? Not so great—it would save transport (and save our health, which is more important), and with modern appliances for smoke abatement the burning places need not be noxious.

A central incinerating station might be placed down the Thames (the prevailing wind in this district is south-west, which would blow the fumes, if any, from London) to deal with matter which the local stations found it inconvenient to tackle.

With these local stations and the great central station, the problem of disposal of London's 2,000,000 tons of refuse yearly would be properly dealt with.

Let us cease our present haphazard methods of disposal, which are better suited to a Central African village than a great modern city.

Let us cease to make little plague spots in England's green and pleasant isle, to disseminate the disease that we are elsewhere striving against.

Race with "Silver Ring"

THE LEGER OUTLOOK

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from South Devon, fears that in view of Achtenan's defeat at Hurst Park, our St. Leger wagers have gone West. His choice is Lo Zingaro, the best-bred horse in the race.

It is no good throwing good money after bad, and I agree with regard to Achtenan, unless we get plenty of rain. The colt's defeat in the Hyperion Stakes I put down to the hard going. He missed the Derby owing to the firm conditions underfoot.

Later, at Ascot, where the course had been artificially watered and was not too bad, he beat Lo Zingaro by about ten lengths. The Beckhampton colt turned the tables by almost the same margin at Hurst Park.

The problem is what is going to be second and third to Windsor Lad?

If the Town Moor at Doncaster gets a proper soaking I shall not despair of Achtenan, but, otherwise, Umidwar appears to stand out for second position as much as the Derby winner does for No. 1.

Adept may give each-way backers a good run, for he was evidently attempting something big when taking on Alcazar at Salisbury. The Manton colt stays, which cannot be said for a number of the probables.

I hope to see Africus win the Prince Edward Handicap. Other selections for the week-end sport at Manchester are:—Mrs. Mulligan for the Wilton Nursery, and Pomposo for the Egerton Handicap.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 6, to Wednesday, September 12.

Q C 93 B 94 M R 98 T F O A P U X Z

H J I 95 E D W N 96 G S K V Y 97 L

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OVKM94 would read SPADE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. O98S2A94W would read SNOOKER.

THE Obvious Sign OF CONSTIPATION

—the ONE Cause of many Ills

A Coated, Furred or Discoloured Tongue is nature's First Warning that your system is becoming sluggish and irregular. It means that CONSTIPATION is poisoning your blood bringing in its train *Headaches, Attacks of Dizziness, Biliousness, Indigestion,* and slowly but surely robbing you of health, vitality and charm. Get back to normal by taking Beecham's Pills! By toning and regulating your system this purely vegetable remedy quickly restores that internal cleanliness which is the very foundation of health.

KEEP REGULAR with

Beecham's PILLS

Sold Everywhere

Worth a Guinea a Box

Just a minute, please!

You're bound to find something of interest or value in the "John Bull Shop Window" and "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on pp. 2, 3 & 16. Turn to them now!

Lybro men — well up to their job!

A "LYBRO" man is well-equipped, more comfortable at his work and therefore more efficient. Wear "LYBRO" Overalls whatever your job.

● **BLUE BUTTON.** Extra-tough dungaree—three-row stitching—6 large pockets. Bibs, Jackets or Trousers 5/6. Boiler Suits 8/11. Drill Work Shirts 4/11.

● **STEEL BUTTON.** The new "LYBRO" Overall. Non-shrink material. 5 pockets including specially designed breast pocket. Strong and sturdy. Bibs, Jackets or Trousers 4/11. Boiler Suits 7/11.

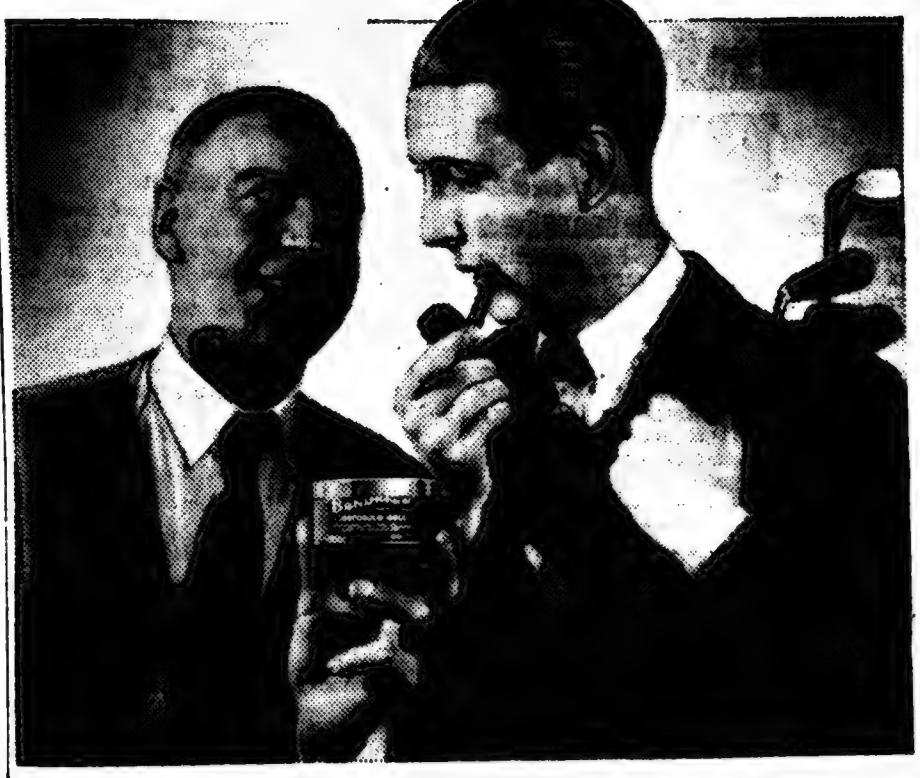
"LYBRO" FOR ALL TRADES.

If unable to obtain, write to Workwear Ltd., Mount Vernon, Liverpool, for name of nearest stockist.

LYBRO-TOGS

FOR MEN WHO WORK

These LONG PUFFS make up for those SHORT PUTTS!



BONDMAN TOBACCO is the ideal partner for every sportsman. It is always even-tempered, cool and dependable and will never let you down. It cannot! For each ounce, packed in a **Vacuum Tin,** comes to you in first-rate condition. Give **Bondman** a trial—it is the finest, freshest tobacco procurable!

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BONDMAN

A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS

10d PER OZ.

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA

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PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

18 MONTHS' INDIGESTION AND ULCERATED STOMACH.

Now free from pain and eats anything

If you had suffered agonies for months from Indigestion and Ulcerated Stomach; if you had spent a fortune on useless medicines, and if at last you found a wonderful remedy which took your pain away completely and restored your ability to eat, would you not be as delighted as the writer of this letter, Mr. H. C. C——, of Chorlton-cum-Hardy?

"I feel it my duty to write praising Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I have been a sufferer from Indigestion and Ulcerated Stomach for 18 months, and whilst still having part of the 1/3 bottle left, I am free from pain and able to eat anything at any time. I am now even able to take my usual 'beer rations' which before I had to give up. I only wish I had found Maclean Brand Stomach Powder before I had expended quite a fortune on medicines which were useless."

And Maclean Brand Stomach Powder can do as much for you it you suffer from indigestion or stomach trouble of any kind. But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

Painful PILES

Eased in 5 minutes

Within five minutes of the first application of 'Nemolin' Pile Ointment you will have relief from irritation and burning pain. In two or three days congestion and inflammation subside and the piles are much diminished, whilst a complete cure is assured to those who persevere with this simple, cleanly treatment. 'Nemolin' Pile Ointment is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all good chemists.

Turn to Page 4

—NOW! While you think of it!

"THE BIG TWO are safe as the Bank." —John Bull

THE BIG TWO

WE PAY ALL POSTAGE

FIXED PRICE FOOTBALL LISTS

The Famous 'CHALLENGER' LISTS are devoted entirely to Fixed Prices—the best possible consistent with our guarantee of payment in full. Clients are given a FREE entry in our Competition.

£1000 FOR 12 RESULTS

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WILL BE SENT FREE ON APPLICATION

It is a mine of Football information.

RACING—Back your fancy pow for the ST. LEGER. Long Odds prices on request. Daily commissions, 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules, and bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price or Tote Odds as desired. Registered Letters must be posted overnight.

USE THIS FORM

Please send your Football Annual and particulars of £1,000 Free Competition. I am over 21 years.

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DAVID COPE & ALFRED H MAURICE Ltd 227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW C.2

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

What I OWE to my DUMB FRIEND

A TINY brown mouse, he has already saved my life on two occasions at the risk of his own.

I keep him in a small cage, and when I start out on my work as a mining engineer he always accompanies me.

Sometimes, in the bowels of the earth, I have seen him stagger in his cage—a sure warning of deadly gases. Through his discomfiture I have lived on.

One day I know that he will give his life to preserve mine. He will have a decent burial then—even a tiny gravestone acknowledging my debt to a mouse. —*E. H., Hockley.*

Inspiration

A few years ago my greatest ambition was to win the literary prize at my high school. It was a coveted honour, and the essay was intended to bring out our descriptive powers.

I could not decide upon my theme until, one day, when walking in the country, I noticed a pheasant strutting in a near-by field. Proud, beautifully coloured, it commanded attention by its poise and serenity.

My essay was entitled "The Pheasant," and, thanks to my beautiful friend, I am the proud possessor of that prize.—*Miss L., South Shields.*

Thanks for Biting Me!

While visiting the house of one of my clientèle I was greeted by their dog, who tore the bottom of my trousers in his excitement.

In the lining I discovered something which I had lost a year previously—my ring, of great sentimental value, having been given to me by mother as a parting present.—"*Gratitude,*" *Birmingham.*

Farm-horse Sense

Some years ago I worked on a farm near the coast. At last the long day's ploughing ended. Unharnessing the horse, I mounted and turned his head for home.

Suddenly he stopped. Thrown over his head, I held tightly the reins while he dragged me over the newly-cut furrows away from the cliff-edge.

Just in time, for without any visible warning hundreds of tons of earth fell into the sea, and with it the bridle-path where a few moments before I'd sat mounted—singing.—*Frank, East Midlands.*

Comes Out in Spring

Timothy, our tortoise, doesn't waste affection on us, though we think the world of him.

People occasionally ask, "Why do you keep that thing?" They don't know that, until Timothy came, we had too many beetles; now there aren't any.

He's cheap to feed, costing perhaps 4s. a year; and soon he'll curl up in the cupboard—only to return with the Spring to once more go on guard against the invasion of vermin.—*Ailsa, Nottingham.*

Beat the Shell

I left my dumb friend in France, but there is still the memory of what I owe to my horse.

Driving a wagon loaded with rations

along a road near Passchendaele Ridge—a road pitted with shell-holes—the horse suddenly "jibbed" and refused to proceed.

The road was quiet just then, and I could not understand this unusual behaviour.

Suddenly, the screaming of a shell overhead rent the air, and it exploded a few hundred yards ahead on the road, tearing a huge hole.

Had my pal not "jibbed," we should just about have reached that very spot! —*A. B., Surrey.*

Right Sort of Danger

One day I was returning from the disused railway embankment where we used to put Elizabeth, our goat, to grass, when three rough-looking men demanded my purse.

Elizabeth lowered her head and sent one to earth. The other two took to their heels.

Never shall I forget how I laughed when the man who was down asked me to "Take it away, missie, it's a danger to people."

Elizabeth had to be dragged home, and, as I put her in the outhouse, I'm almost sure she winked.—*M. A. R., Sunderland.*

Fish Physics

It's just an ordinary goldfish, but the finest fish in the world to me.

When my baby daughter was ill, some months ago, she was removed to a fever hospital.

There, despite medical skill and attention, she grew gradually worse, and a doctor expressed the opinion that she was jeopardising her chance of recovery through pining to be taken home.

Too ill to be moved, her condition rapidly approached a crisis.

Then the goldfish was placed by her bedside, and thoughts of home vanished as she happily watched the fish travel around the glass globe, and completely recovered.—*C. B., Birmingham.*

Just in Time

To my Scotch Collie I owe my nerves, my life, my everything.

Seventeen years ago, on a winter's night, I had worked two consecutive shifts as banksman at a big South Wales colliery. I pressed the bells and gazed down at thousands of feet. Cage after cage of men or trams came up.

Then I was startled. Something licked my face. I believe I screamed. But it was only my Collie bringing my food in a basket. I had dropped asleep.

Ten seconds longer would have hurled nine men to the shaft bottom!—*W. G. D., Bridgend.*

Instinct

My little boy, aged two, and I were picnicking in a field last week when my dog began to bark and whine near a bush over which my son was stooping.

At first I took no notice, but the dog continued to cause a commotion, so I decided to investigate.

On crossing to the bush I was horrified to see a large viper rear its head up from the leaves, and I had to act promptly to save the child from being bitten.

I cannot express my gratitude for the wonderful instinct of the little dog, which proved itself a true friend.—*C. H., Cardiff.*

* * *

I might have paid £30 for a thoroughbred and had a business life full of trouble. Jess cost just £3. Not even an earthquake would stop her arriving on time with me, the float—and the milk.—*M., Tadworth.*

Mother says I certainly owe my strong, sturdy limbs to the milk I used to drink from the old cow we kept in New Zealand.—*Barbara, Sheffield.*

"Go for long walks in the country and have something to occupy your mind. Get a dog," said the doctor. I did. We roamed the countryside. As he grew stronger I did also. I laughed at his tricks and the world became brighter. Can it be wondered at my great affection for him?—*A. R., Sheffield.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, September 11.

My Best Stillingsworth.

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on September 8

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) LIVERPOOL v. Portsmouth.
(2) WEDNESDAY v. Middlesbro'.
**(3) W.B. ALBION v. Blackburn.
(4) Birmingham v. Manchester C.
(5) Leeds v. ARSENAL.
**(6) DERBY COUNTY v. Stoke.
(7) GRIMSBY v. Everton.
(8) Leicester v. ASTON VILLA.
(9) Preston v. Huddersfield.
*(10) SUNDERLAND v. Chelsea.
(11) HOTSPUR v. Wolverhampton.

SECOND DIVISION.

*(1) BRENTFORD v. West Ham.
(2) FOREST v. Blackpool.
(3) SWANSEA v. Sheffield U.
(4) BOLTON v. Southampton.
(5) FULHAM v. Newcastle.
(6) BRADFORD v. Norwich.
(7) Burnley v. BRADFORD CITY.
(8) HULL v. Bury.
(9) MANCHESTER U. v. Barnsley.
(10) Oldham v. Notts County.
(11) PORT VALE v. Plymouth.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

**(1) COVENTRY v. Watford.
(2) MILLWALL v. Newport.
(3) Swindon v. READING.
(4) ALDERSHOT v. Torquay.
(5) BRIGHTON v. Palace.
*(6) BRISTOL C. v. Exeter.
(7) Cardiff v. Q.P. RANGERS.
*(8) ORIENT v. Boscombe.
(9) GILLINGHAM v. Northampton.
(10) LUTON v. Charlton.
(11) SOUTHEND v. Bristol R.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) Rotherham v. BARROW.
**(2) WREXHAM v. Rochdale.
(3) ACCRINGTON v. Southport.
(4) Crewe v. Chesterfield.
(5) YORK v. New Brighton.
(6) DARLINGTON v. Chester.
(7) Gateshead v. DONCASTER.
(8) HALIFAX v. Carlisle.
**(9) STOCKPORT v. Hartlepools.
(10) Tranmere v. Lincoln.
*(11) WALSALL v. Mansfield.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

**(1) MOTHERWELL v. Hamilton.
(2) AIRDRIE v. Albion Rovers.
*(3) ST. MIRREN v. Kilmarnock.
(4) Ayr v. Queen of South.
(5) Celtic v. RANGERS.
(6) Dundee v. ABERDEEN.
(7) Dunfermline v. ST. JOHNSTONE.
(8) Falkirk v. Queen's Park.
(9) Hibernian v. Hearts.
(10) Partick v. CLYDE.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—6 (*H*); Div. II.—1 (*H*); Southern Section—3 (*A*); Northern Section—9 (*H*); Scottish League—1 (*H*) would indicate Derby County, Brentford, Reading, Stockport and Motherwell.

On Mondays the *Sporting Life* publishes a list of the dividends declared by the prominent Football Pool firms, enabling you to start the week knowing exactly how you stand. There are forecasts for the following Saturday's games, too.

And every Thursday comes an invaluable aid for punters—the great *Sporting Life* Pool Chart, giving at a glance in handy tabloid form matches played, results, points, form and the predictions of experts.

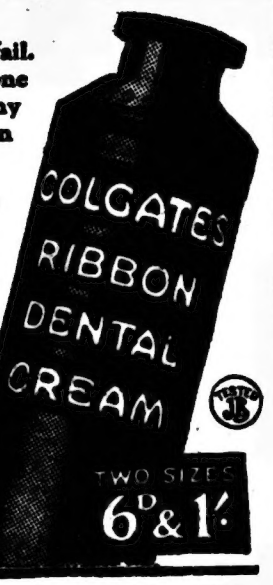
A specimen of this wonderful chart awaits you. Write for your copy to *Sporting Life* (Dept. J.B.), 68, Long Acre, W.C.2.

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth
COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

White, sparkling, beautiful teeth are the greatest single beauty asset any woman can possess. The secret lies in removing, *completely*, all the seven kinds of stains left on teeth by everything we eat and drink and smoke.

And Colgate's does this . . . where most toothpastes fail. Because Colgate's has *two* cleansing actions — not one alone. The first, an *emulsive* action, washes away many of the stains . . . the second, a gentle *polishing* action gets rid of the more stubborn ones.

Try Colgate's for ten days. Then see how white, lustrous and beautiful your teeth are. Note how Colgate's refreshes your mouth — sweetens your breath, too. At 1/- for the large-size tube, Colgate's is the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty-aids.



THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH

1. Starchy foods.
2. Sugar foods.
3. Protein foods.
4. Fatty foods.
5. Minerals.
6. Fruits.
7. Beverages—and tobacco.

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70 YEARS REPUTATION

For Children cutting their Teeth. Prevent Convulsions. Are Cooling & Soothing. Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.

Sold in Stamped Boxes 1/3 & 3/- Also 1d. each or 2 for 1½d.

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ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN'S HEALTH?

Fennings' "Every Mother's Book" will give the advice you require. Ask your Chemist for a free copy or send to:-

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4 New Exquisite Face Powders Created by Pond's

FREE TO YOU!

Readers of "John Bull" are invited to accept samples of all four shades of Pond's new powder—Natural, Peach, Rachel 1 and Rachel 2. Just write to Dept. 590, Pond's Extract Co., Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex, attaching 1d. stamp and post in 1½d. sealed envelope, or fill in the convenient coupon in the offer which appears on page 23 and attach 1d. stamp to one corner and post in 1½d. sealed envelope. Send NOW and be sure to address to Dept. 590, Pond's Extract Co., Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex.

Take

Elasto

Regd.

and Be Rid of

LEG TROUBLE

Turn to the Back Cover and fill in the coupon for Free Sample and Booklet.

Anatomical diagram of the Median and Radial Nerves which come from the neck through the shoulder and finally, after dividing, terminate at the finger-ends.

Agonising NEURITIS - blame YOUR RADIAL NERVE

Neglect can lead to Complete Nervous Breakdown

MANY a Nervous Breakdown has started from a "slight strain in the arm". Of course it wasn't a strain but nerve weakness setting up neuritis in the Radial Nerve. Cases of unrecognised "nerves" are all too frequent. Nerve trouble is generally the very last thing you suspect although it may be and very often is the root of your illness. And because it is unrecognised it goes untreated and naturally it gets worse . . . until Nervous Breakdown occurs.

"ALL MY LIMBS SEEMED A DEAD WEIGHT"

Nerve trouble is like that . . . it reduces even strong healthy men like Mr. R. C., of Gravesend, to utter weakness:—"Your tablets have made me a new human being. I had sharp shooting pains in the head, and all my limbs seemed a dead weight. I was advised to try Dr. Cassells Tablets. I did, and the pains went with the first bottle, while my arms and legs became lighter. The second box did the trick; I became better than ever."

YOUR NERVES NEED THIS SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT

You are half-way to perfect health when you have recognised that nerves are the cause of your pain and suffering. All that remains is to take a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets, the only scientific treatment for weak and impoverished nerves. You risk nothing in doing so, for the purchase price will be refunded without question should you feel no better. It is because the manufacturers of Dr. Cassells Tablets know that they will benefit your nerves just as they have benefited thousands of others that they make this unique offer. They know from their experience that the essential nerve nutrients and restoratives contained in Dr. Cassells Tablets first relieve pain and tenderness, then tranquillise the whole of the nervous system, and finally restore it to complete and lasting health. In all cases of

HEADACHE, INSOMNIA, NEURITIS, INDIGESTION, NERVOUS DEBILITY

don't neglect your symptoms another day. Take them for what they are—a warning that your nerves are thoroughly run-down and debilitated, and begin a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets for the Nerves to-day.

THE FORMULA—HOW IT ACTS

TO RESTORE YOUR NERVES there are the valuable nerve nutrients, the Glycerophosphates, Hypophosphites and Phosphates. They supply the element Phosphorus which your brain and your nerves need if they are to be restored to health.

TO REVITALISE YOUR NERVES there are three natural vegetable ingredients—Kola Semina, Caffeine and Theobromine — which have a remarkable strengthening effect on your heart, driving away nervous depression and clearing the brain.

TO ENRICH YOUR BLOOD there are the valuable Hæmatinics (blood-forming elements), Iron-Manganese-Calcium. All signs of Anæmia due to weak nerves (the most common cause) are quickly overcome. Iron alone is not enough in your nervous condition.

TO STIMULATE YOUR DIGESTION there is a special ingredient added which scientists call an Enzyme. This is Pepsin. It has a wonderful effect in stimulating the digestion, and recent medical research has proved that in relieving Nervous Debility, Pepsin is invaluable.

TO ELIMINATE TOXINS OR POISONS which are paralysing your nerves there is present Sodium Phenol-p-Sulphonate, a unique substance, the most powerful known to Medical Science for neutralising internal poisons.

FAIR PLAY OFFER

Buy a 1/3 bottle of Dr. Cassells Tablets. Take two to-night and see how much better you feel in the morning. The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester 16, will refund your money if you are not entirely satisfied.

Prices 1/3 & 3/- from all chemists

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

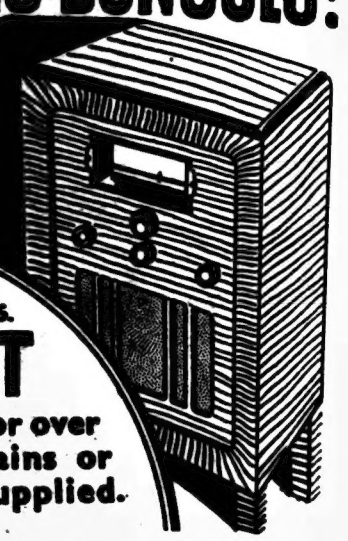
BRAND

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

X-WORD PENSION, BIG 'JOHN BULL' CHEQUES and RADIO BONUSES!

£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE ... and £250

OR INCREASED LUMP SUM OF £850



SUPERB "COSSOR" £10 15s. RADIO SET added to each prize of £5 or over in this Contest. All Mains or Battery Model can be supplied.

£200 FINE SUM BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

BONUS AWARD VALUE £2 X-word Season for Runners-up submitting 2 Coupons in same envelope.

ENJOY an amusing half-hour this week with our Compiler's entertaining puzzle. Success may well be yours, bringing a First Prize telegram for you only seven days after the closing date.

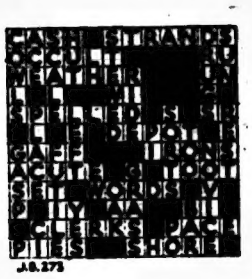
That thrilling message, if you have added your name to the lengthy list of outright winners, will herald the arrival of a wonderful Pension-plus-Cash award—a Life Pension of £2 weekly, with a lump sum of £250 cash to celebrate your huge success.

To the attractions of this splendid 2-in-1 First Prize "John Bull" has added three others. There is the increased sum of £200 for division between Runners-up; there are the Bonus Awards, value £2 each, for distribution as indicated; there is something more as well.

That something more is Radio—and these All-mains £10 15s. "Cossor" Receivers are offered on a scale never seen in Crosswords before. Every winner of £5 cash or more in this week's Contest is to be presented with one of these elegant instruments, capable of providing thousands of hours of perfect radio reception.

Here on this page are the common-sense Clues to be solved and the squares on which to make your bid for this week's prizes. See that your entry is in by noon, Thursday, September 13.

"JOHN BULL" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £250 (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An increased amount of £200 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free entries to our Crossword contest will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we have received two six-penny coupons in the same envelope. To the winner of any cash prize of £5 or over, a "Cossor" Radio Set, value £10 15s., will be sent. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, Sept. 20, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, Sept. 27.



J.B.273

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 273.

Winners in 272 on page 18. Result of 273 will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 273 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-Word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-Word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

J.B.273

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 275, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 275—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, SEPT. 13, 1934

J.B.275

J.B.276

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

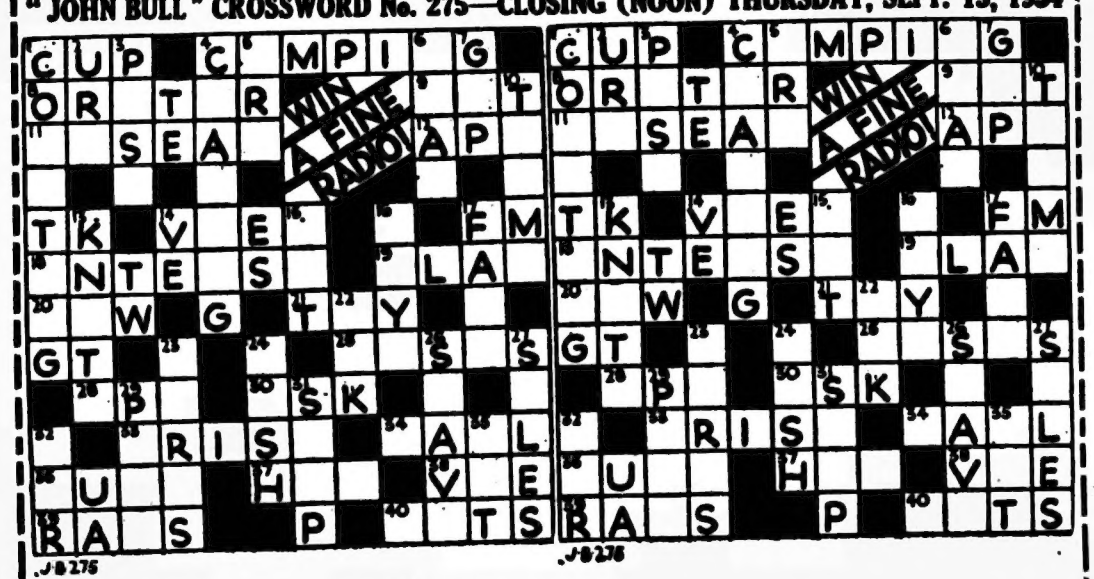
ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 275—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, SEPT. 13, 1934



J.B.275

J.B.276

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Is played for at Wembley
4. Tents are used for this sort of holiday
8. Impressive speaker
9. You must do this to live
11. Horse may do so to bad rider
12. Imitate
14. Mountain provides fine one
18. Describes extreme heat
19. Expression of regret
20. At the present time
21. Something child plays with
25. Beasts of burden
28. Its waters are beneficial
30. Do this if you don't know the way
33. A kind of whiskey
34. May describe an order
36. Near relation
37. You'd get it if you had to carry bricks
38. Compete with
39. Pied Piper rounded them up
40. They sometimes make bookie lose balance

DOWN

1. Don't interrupt a man doing this
2. Tea is often served from
3. Gets retired actor a free seat
4. Old tramp steamer needs frequently
5. Admired in picture galleries
6. Proud husband likes his wife to be
7. An opening
10. Equal ones make fight more interesting
13. These are sometimes difficult to untie
15. Kind of weather holiday-maker dreads
16. Dark ones help the criminal
17. Is a tribute to artist's skill
22. Acorns grow on it
23. Are played on boards
24. Such payments empty your pocket
26. Manager is, to tryannical boss
27. Cheap shoes soon go at these
29. Thirsty man's always ready for one
31. Good window-dressing helps it
32. Spirit moves this
35. Illuminated

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE, for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, September 13.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 27, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, October 9, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £200 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

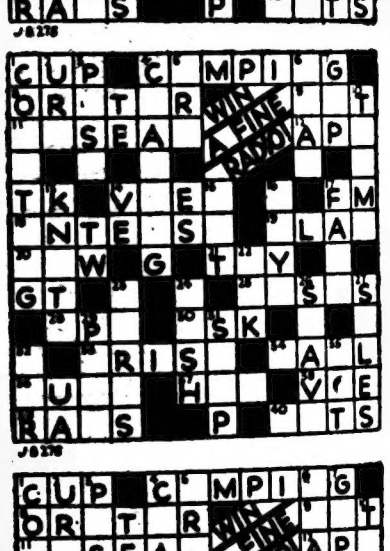
4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared, £850 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.



J.B.276

J.B.276

J.B.276

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

FREE X-WORD HELP

Accompanying *Bullets Bulletin*, out every Thursday, is "John Bull's" invaluable *Crossword Gazette*—secure post-free supply with Gift Coupon on page 39.

X-WORD MONSTER COMING—£30 Monthly for Life and £1,500!

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

H. N. (Richmond).—"What more dreadful predicament than to find yourself clinging to the end of a pant pole stuck in the mud?" Still there is always a chance of being fed by charitably-disposed people in passing boats.

P. R. (Blackburn).—"My office boy puts on airs." Ours merely whistles them.

ELSIE (Clacton).—"What is the best thing for a girl to do if she's mad on the stage?" Keep off it.

HISTORIAN (Hoylake).—"Thousands of years ago, men had no money." Why thousands of years ago"?

MRS. W. J. (Mayfair).—"When at Cowes I sailed in endless yachts." Where did they put the stern?

G. M. (Dundee).—"A book on the history of clocks and watches has been published." It's about time.

SHERLOCK (Dunmow).—"I have a book full of all varieties of finger-prints." You shouldn't have lent it to your friends.

BERT (Bristol).—"My wife and I recently quarrelled in an air liner." Rather an awkward place to select for falling out.

G. H. (Wigan).—"When I began to throw stones at a cat in the garden where do you think the wretched creature went?" On the top of the greenhouse.

G. M. (Dulwich).—"The older most people are the less appreciation they have of wit." You can't catch old birds with chaff."

READER (Kenton).—"Why is there so much literature about sun-bathing camps lately?" Well, a writer could not go to a better place for his raw material.

* * *

L.S. (Liverpool).—"If you met an angel how would you address her?" Personally, we should feel inclined to ask her what on earth she was doing.

* * *

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"I am a cubist and I am forwarding my latest picture for you to see." You certainly seem to have got a new angle on your subject.

M. N. (Dalston).—"I could not bear wage slavery so I took to poultry farming." But you're still dependent upon the yoke.

S. G. (Wisbech).—"What would you call a man who insists on going on his summer holiday without his wife?" A hero.

B. Y. (Pontefract).—"If a man wishes to succeed he must keep his eyes on his goal." Unless, of course, he's the goal-keeper.

R. J. M. (Newcastle).—"A few solemn words have been known to plunge a man into years of unremitting toil." Especially if spoken by a clergyman.

MRS. S. (Galashiels).—"Why do ladies' shops always ask a new customer for a reference from another firm? In case she is a person of no account.

ADMIRER (Richmond).—"When some women make rock buns they make rock buns." Others, however, make rock buns when they make scones.

MOTORIST (Hull).—"I ran into a bank the other day rather than run into a pedestrian I am acquainted with." And did he run into the bank after you?

A. S. (Paddington).—"I should like to act for the films. What do you think of my face—enclosed?" It would be all right—enclosed!

* * *

H. J. K. (Aberdeen)—"When do you call a person middle-aged?" When he's ten years older than we are.

* * *

PROFESSOR (Cromer).—"I know a great deal about the Zygophyllaceae, and very few people can say that." We advise them not to try.

SHOEMAKER (Glasgow).—"I haven't much time for lunch, so I generally have a bite at the last." That's a bit hard, is it not?

D. N. (Clacton).—"A bathing girl who shouted for help was rescued by an elderly fisherman with a boathook." Nothing daunted, she went further down the beach and tried again.

A. N. (Totnes).—"A farmer near here had a chicken hatched by the sun." It is said that since this incident facetious guests at London boarding-houses draw the curtains during breakfast.

C. R. (St. Ives).—"The air is so bracing here, it took me a day or two to settle down before I could enjoy my holiday." We hope the thought of settling up didn't spoil the rest.

W. S. (Kensington).—"I often see the film people at work in the parks when I leave home very early in the morning, but I take good care not to be included in the picture." You don't wish to be shot at dawn.

HOLIDAY-MAKER (Ventnor).—"I feel so fit that I could jump over the moon." Don't try the cliffs though.

INDIGNANT (Portsmouth).—"Why aren't all nudists arrested?" It's difficult to pin anything on them.

NOVICE (Westerham).—"What would you advise me to take on my first trip to America?" Well, a ticket for a start.

A. H. (Southampton).—"An able-bodied seaman of my acquaintance is a reformed pickpocket." But he still occasionally takes a watch!

QUERY (Rugby).—"What kind of literature would you advise me to pack in my portmanteau?" If you live far from the station something light.

INTERESTED (Dulwich).—"No doubt you know that a man was recently awarded damages against a cricket club for being struck by a ball on the forehead. What did he get?" A lump sum.

J. L. (Oxford).—"People who work at night are lucky at being able to attend sporting events in the daytime." A night-watchman, for instance, comes to work very refreshed after an afternoon's sleep at a county cricket match.

The KID

R. O. (Birmingham).—"A collection of refuse was auctioned recently." A lot of rubbish.

AMATEUR (Teddington).—"It's a poor man that can't grow a few lettuces." It's generally the poor man who does.

L. C. (Henley).—"A shortage in any commodity automatically raises its value." That's why ladies' frocks are so expensive.

F. D. (Lowestoft).—"The pierrots carried on bravely in spite of the terrible storm." So the thunder clapped.

BIRD LOVER (Marlborough).—"Some people think the stork an ugly bird." Well, it generally comes with a big bill.

CRITIC (E.C.).—"Every actress considers that tragedy is her forte." And that forty is her tragedy!

A. F. J. (Newcastle).—"A bandit recently held up an intoxicated motorist." Very decent of him, we're sure.

A. T. G. (Liverpool).—"I declined his invitation to visit a nudist colony." Had you something on at the time?

A. H. (Prestwick).—"I had my dinner suit on when the dentist pulled my tooth." So you showed a stiff front?

POET (Swanage).—"Two's company, but three's a crowd." We doubt very much if football directors agree with you.

* * *

Hetty G. (Harpenden)—"What stars are in the ascendancy at this time of the year?" Football stars.

* * *

B. G. (King's Langley).—"Every beginner seems to think that golf is easy." That also applies to marriage.

T. Y. (Greenock).—"I see that a man recently played ten rounds of golf in one day. What's to prevent me from doing twelve?" The distance between the holes.

TOM (Coventry).—"You would never dream of corresponding with your inferiors, would you?" No; but we don't mind making an exception in your case.

DETECTIVE (Scotland Yard).—"Seven out of every ten reformed burglars break out again." By breaking in again, of course.

W. C. (Hendon).—"I am sorry to say that a small blot has obscured a few words of this letter." So are we—make a bigger one next time.

CURIOUS (Inverness).—"Why is it that a girl generally gets a man when she throws herself at his head?" Perhaps because he is too stunned to escape.

FRED T. (Basingstoke).—"My wife invariably bursts into tears if we pass a shop where there is a sale on." There is method in her sadness.

* * *

L. P. (Windsor).—"If a girl keeps on powdering her face in the house, what does that show?" That she has no desire to shine in public.

* * *

F. R. (Widnes).—"A man recently turned his head from left to right 2,000 times in succession." In the end, of course, he went to the place his wife had suggested for the holidays.

B. V. (Epsom).—"My doctor told me that the recent heat-wave brought with it an epidemic of feverish colds. Yes, even our office thermometer had a high temperature.

E. J. R. (Hendon).—"I've been away on holiday and that's meant missing the Radio Exhibition." Never mind—there's another fine one on page 39 this week.

CLUBMAN (Halesowen).—"Our local income-tax collector won our billiards championship at the club the other night." Of course, he knows a great deal about getting into pockets.

B B. (Seaham).—"Certain lighthouses are now provided with vacuum cleaners." The salesman responsible deserves credit—it takes real courage to risk being ejected down all those flights of stairs.

G. W. (Margate).—"There has been an epidemic of stiff necks at holiday resorts." Mostly due, it is said, to optimistic boarding-house guests leaning at dangerous angles out of bedroom windows looking for the sea view as advertised.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

CAN MEN AND WOMEN LIVE TO 150?

Has science discovered the lost secret of Methuselah? An Oriental herb which stimulates the ductless glands and positively brings new vigour, new life, new strength, which ends depression, anæmia, melancholia, neurasthenia, sleeplessness and loss of power. Write for amazing free booklet, to International Laboratories, 154, Smedley St., S.W.8.

SEASICK greatest discovery yet. SONGO tiny capsules prevent Sea-sickness, Train, and Air Sickness. Guaranteed in every case. Boxes, 1/3 and 3/6 from Chemists or Post Free. VANDRE LTD. (Dept. 31), 168, Pitt St., GLASGOW.

SONGO

ECZEMA, DERMATITIS, BAD LEGS (Varicose Ulcers), **LUPUS** & **RODENT ULCER,**

OR ANY OTHER SKIN DISEASE

If you are a sufferer from Psoriasis, Acne, Alopecia, Impetigo, &c., do not despair, but consult Mr. TOM WARD or Mr. JAMES WARD (Principals of Tom Ward, Ltd.), who have over 40 years' experience in the Treatment and Cure of Skin Diseases and kindred ailments. Consultations free, personally or by letter. We have successfully treated thousands of patients through the post, in almost every Country in the World. Write to-day for our FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET of Testimonials, which tells of the wonderful cures of Skin Diseases we have made when other treatments have failed.

Address:—
Dept. 17, TOM WARD Ltd.
Medical Skin Specialists, **BRADFORD, Yorks.**
Also 573, CHESTER ROAD, OLD TRAFFORD, MANCHESTER.

FREE!
★ **A FIRST AID BOOKLET**
which should be in Every home! Fill in the coupon in the BAND-AID advt. on p. 22, or write mentioning *John Bull* to Johnson and Johnson (Gt. Britain), Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

Information for all who shave.

PROBABLY you have read all these advertisements and you may be inclined to give our blades a trial. Why not prove for yourself the accuracy of our statements? Buy a wallet of "Stead" blades and an equal number of a competitor's blades, and compare them. Our wallet is the most useful container for a week's blades.

SHAVING COMFORT FOR WEEKS, THE STEAD WALLET OF SEVEN PERFECT GUARANTEED BLADES.

STEAD
RAZOR BLADES

guarantee perfect shaves for every day.

7 Blades for 6d.
IN THE STEAD WALLET.

Buy a Stead Wallet on the way home.

Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, W.H. Smith and Son's Bookstalls, and most Dealers stock them.

Oh! my CORN!!

No need to suffer any longer—CORNS COME RIGHT OUT, root and all!

THE most agonising foot troubles can be quickly relieved and corns completely removed by a 'Reudel Saltrates' footbath. The two-fold action of 'Reudel' rarely fails. The active oxygen released by 'Reudel Saltrates' enters the pores and carries special corn-softening salts down to the root, which is soon loosened so that it comes right out. Thousands have proved this the quickest, surest way of ending corns.

A DOCTOR SAYS: "I've found a very good thing in 'Reudel Bath Saltrates'... I believe it does all it claims. I would not be without it."
J.——M.D., O.B.E.

REUDEL BATH **Saltrates**
Pronounced ROO-DEL

only in YELLOW Packets

Unequalled for FOOT TROUBLES. *from all chemists 1/6*

VERY IMPORTANT
If you want quick relief from corns and painful foot troubles, on no account must you confuse 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' with bath salts which lack curative action. Ask plainly for 'ROO-DEL' (there is no substitute and nothing else is as good) and see you get the *YELLOW* packet.

TWO HEADS were better than ONE

By a "Bullets" Representative

THREE telegrams in quick succession preceded my arrival at 75, Hawthorn Crescent, Cosham, Portsmouth. They came for a Manchester electrical engineer, Mr. H. Lomax, who with his wife and son was spending his holidays with relations.

The first two were congratulations on their son's success in passing his matriculation examination. And the third brought a message which made a University career possible for young Mr. Lomax!

It told Mr. Lomax senior, whose home is at 18, Lathom Road, Withington, Manchester, that he had won £500 and a Millionaire's Week-end in London with the neat and human *Bullet*, GOOD LOSER—MISSUS—PRETENDING *I'm* "PRIZE"!

Before I could even congratulate him on this big success in our 949th Contest, Mr. Lomax explained that someone else really deserved the credit for the winning of this First Prize. "Mrs. Lomax is the *Bullets* driving force in our home," he said, introducing me to her. "She has been entering since before the war."

As we chatted, however, I found that the winning effort was actually the result of putting their heads together over the framing of the *Bullet*. As originally put together by Mrs. Lomax the effort ran: *Good Loser — Missus — Thinking I'm Prize.*

Her husband considered it, suggested that "pretending" would be a better word than "thinking," and so added tremendously to the point of the *Bullet*.

Both, I felt, had earned congratulations—Mrs. Lomax for her persistence and determination and Mr. Lomax for his skilful co-operation in building the winning effort.

* * *

Good work will be done by the £50 Second Prize cheque received in this Contest by Mr. E. H. Clark, 48, Glanyrafon Road, Sketty, Swansea. His was that thoughtful and ingenious *Bullet*, FASTER AND FASTER—LIFE'S "WHIRLIGIG"—DEATH'S "TURNSTILE."

It will provide furnishings for his new home and other things which, as he puts it, had been "waiting for that *Bullets* cheque." And the heavy expenses caused by Mrs. Clark's recent illness are less worrying now that JOHN BULL has stepped in with this substantial cheque.

"I find *Bullets* \ *Bulletin* a weekly tonic," this winner states. "Although I am a qualified optician, its pages have made me 'see' whereas I was previously somewhat 'short-sighted' in a *Bullets* sense."

* * *

This week's huge offer of 50 Radio Sets, one with each of a long line of graded cheques, provides a fine opportunity for you to follow these winners into our prize-list.

See that your entry is in by Saturday, September 15—and before sealing the envelope which may bring you £500 and a fine Radio, consider the advantages of enclosing the *Bulletin* Gift Coupon on the opposite page.

Don't miss your
FREE GIFT
See opposite page

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 950

FIRST PRIZE, £600, £20 HOLIDAY CHEQUE AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE
Mr. W. J. BULL, New Regal Cinema, Watford, Herts.
Example:—IN THE GREEN FIELDS
Bullet:—"EARS," HAD WE "HEADS."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

Mr. R. HEATH, "Whynott," 33, Bentley Road, Nuneaton.
Example: Back To The Fold
Bullet: "The Cloth" *Turns Us.*

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

Mr. F. CORDEN, 99, Cyprus Street, Stretford.
Example: Doctor Seaside
Bullet: Assisting Overworked—Overworking "Assistants."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH

J. BARCLAY, 20, Wyndcote Road, Liverpool.
Rough Passage—Quietly Watching Dearest "Tossing."

C. R. CORSBIE, 57, Bracondale, Norwich.
In The Green Fields—Another "Battle" Science Changed.

E. GOODEY, 17, Essex Road, Chadwell Heath.
Stronger And Stronger—Government—Breaking Cobweb Presently!
(Entered on 'Target" Prize coupon.)

G. W. LOADER, 2 Luckham Road, Moordown, Bournemouth.
In The Green Fields—Let Dobbin "Draw"—Pension!

Mrs. N. I. McNAUGHT, Maygarth, Upwell Road, Northallerton.
The Smallest—Flower, "Towers Above" Skyscraper.

F. R. PALMER, 221, Harlesden Road, London, N.W.
Doctor Seaside—Left *Wound* In *Wad.*

L. SUGARMAN, 148, Broomspring Lane, Sheffield.
Doctor Seaside—Wearing Down Dad's "Coastline."

D. W. THOMSON, 4, Wrayfield Road, Cheam.
Old Hand—"Shrinking"—New Head "Reducing."

B. P. WARD, 43, Whitehall Street, Rochdale.
Power—"Turns Head"—"Stiffens Neck."

J. YEADON, 2, Portman Street, Calverley, near Leeds.
Good-bye, Cricket—In Government—Dictator's "Kick-off."

12 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

C. W. COOK, 66, Marsh Street, Bradford.
Back To The Fold—Village Organist—Wiping Mouth!

G. FORBES, 56, Stoneybank Crescent, Musselburgh, Midlothian.
Stronger And Stronger—Gossip, As Teapot Watered.

F. FOX, 34, Glencoe Street, Hull.
Before Long—Aeroplanes "Bombing" Taxpayer, Anyway.

A. FRANCIS, 349, Victoria Road, Birmingham.
All Over The Shop—Warmongers—Watch Your "Stock"!

E. S. GOODWILL, 7, Kirkburn Place, Bradford.
Doctor Seaside—"Tanner"—"Baker"—"Builder," Too.

Miss M. HALE, 3, Queen Street, Desborough.
Can't Be Trusted—Grandpa's Hearing—Or Deafness.

F. HILTON, The Arcade, High Street, Cheadle.
Old Hand—Pensioned—Employer's *Duty* "Discharged."
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

W. JACKSON, 1, Elm Place, Armthorpe, near Doncaster.
Bevy Of Beauties—Showing Europe Tyranny's "Charms."

A. MITCHELL, 14, Cherry Street, Earlestown.
Beating Time—Waves, While Sunbeams "Dancing."

E. PEARCE, 81, Bellingdon Road, Chesham.
Grandpa's Latest—Parachuting—Didn't *We* Jump!

A. W. G. TURNER, Little Chesterford, near Saffron Walden.
At The Station—"I'll Write"—All Talk!

W. WALFORD, 77, Shirley Gardens, Barking.
The Door Banged And—"Kind Lady—" Went Begging

A £4 Holiday Bonus accompanies all above cheques, as well as the 25 prizes of 10s. List of these and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."
ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

RULES:—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

"John Bull" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Pen Coupon appear this week on page 2.

Would You like a Trial Bottle of WINCARNIS?

THIS delicious tonic wine stimulates and sustains as nothing else can. If readers would like to try a couple of glasses of Wincarnis, FREE, send 4½d. in stamps (to cover postage, etc.), for a small trial bottle, to Coleman and Co. Ltd., Dept. 284, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

NEW NERVES FOR OLD
The ALADDIN'S LAMP of TONICS

Here is a wonderful Tonic which makes a real man of you; worn nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthens you, hope cheers you, life is worth living again! It is the World's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—"FOX NUTS" (the "Blue Lion" kind)—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices: 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

Privately packed and post free from
Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.
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